

The Sketch

No. 762.—Vol. LIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

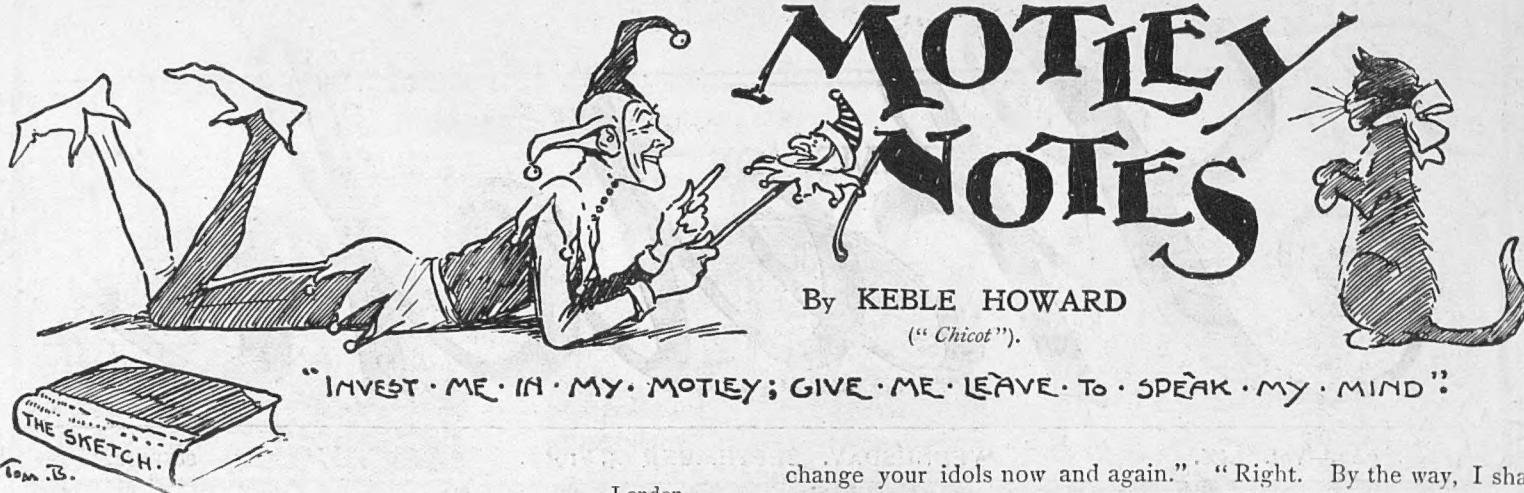


MR. HALL CAINE'S APPEAL FOR A "HOME OF REFUGE": MISS ALICE CRAWFORD AS GLORY QUAYLE,
AND MR. MATHESON LANG AS JOHN STORM IN THE NEW "CHRISTIAN," AT THE LYCEUM.

JOHN STORM (with a wild shout): God sent me to kill you, Glory.

GLORY (with a cry of co'quest): No, but to love me . . . kiss me, John!

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



A Strange Case.

The day after my return from Pont-Aven, I met a man in the Haymarket who looked worried. This seemed a pity—that he should look worried, I mean; not that I should have met him—and I asked him what I could do about it. "Thanks very much," he said, "but I'm afraid you can't do anything." There was a little break in his voice. He stared very hard at a motor-omnibus. I thought he was going to cry. "No trouble of any kind?" I persisted. "No; nothing of that sort, thanks." The motor-omnibus dashed out of sight. "Not—not lost anybody, I hope?" "Oh, no." He spoke in the tone of one upon whom the loss of his nearest and dearest would be powerless to make an impression. "Been overworking?" "No; haven't done a stroke, thanks." "Very likely you need a change of air?" "I don't think so, old man. I've had a fortnight on a yacht, and toured the Continent on a motor-car." "No—?" I tapped my heart significantly, thinking that he might have been jilted with rather greater violence than usual. "No," he said; "nothing of that sort. My digestion's always perfect." "I didn't mean your digestion, you idiot! I meant your heart." "Oh! Sorry. Heart's all right. First-class policy, you know." "Ass! Any love-affair?" "O, yes, old man. That's all right. Three . . . I can't make out . . ."

The Only Possible Solution.

"Your case interests me," I said. He begged me not to be ghoulish. "Do describe your symptoms," I urged. He shrugged his shoulders, realising that that was the correct thing to do at this particular point of the conversation. "If you insist," he said. "The truth is, I've lost interest in everything. It's most extraordinary. The world, as far as I'm concerned, seems to have stopped short. I eat, but food is no longer amusing. I drink, but wine is no longer exhilarating. I sleep, but sleep is no longer refreshing. I meet my friends and talk with them, but they bore me. (Sorry, old fellow, but you asked me to tell you, you know.) I meditate upon forthcoming 'pleasures,' but get not the faintest thrill of anticipation. I cannot call to mind one single soul whom I wish to meet. There is not a place on earth to which I should care to travel. I loathe the very thought of motor-cars, and yachts, and grouse, and horses, and cards, and so on. And yet my health is splendid, and, normally, I am the least *blasé* man in London. Now, what's the matter with me?" "Would you like my candid opinion?" "Of course." "You won't be annoyed?" "Nothing could annoy me. I only wish it could." "Well, then, I think you're a bit off your head." His face brightened. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I never thought of that. I believe you've hit it!"

The Intellectual Compass.

We went into his club to talk it over. He was quite excited. "What a curious thing," he said, "that you should have thought of that. Hitherto, I must confess, I've always considered you rather dull. You don't mind my saying that, old fellow?" "Not at all. You see, being mad, your point of view has altered." "Exactly," he agreed. "You're still dull, I suppose, but I think you smart now because I can't tell the difference between a clever man and a fool. Upon my word, it's a thrilling experience, this madness!" "I didn't mean that exactly. I meant that, hitherto, we had been mentally antagonistic. Now that you've shifted a point, so to speak, we find ourselves in sympathy, so that it becomes clear to you that I was never really dull at all." "Oh, yes," he said doubtfully. "Then the people I used to think clever when I was sane will now seem stupid, I suppose?" "From what I remember of your tastes, I should think it highly probable." "Be a little awkward, won't it? Perhaps I'd better tell them I'm a bit dotty, eh?" "I shouldn't bother. Just avoid them. It's always good to

change your idols now and again." "Right. By the way, I shall be able to read your books now, shan't I?" I feigned indifference. "That's a good idea," he went on. "You might send me a set."

A Genuine Test.

"Do you think," he asked presently, "that I shall get madder and madder? I mean, there won't be much catch in it if they have to shut me up." "How do you feel about it?" "Well, upon my word," he said, laughing, "I feel as sane as I ever did in my life." "That's no test at all, I'm afraid. Sanity and insanity, like everything else, are merely comparative states. It's just possible that the majority of us are mad, and that you are one of the few sane people." "But I'm perfectly clear in the head," he explained. "I mean to say, I know that this is my club, and that I'm a member of it, and that I haven't paid my subscription, and all that sort of thing. And I know that that fellow over there, with the seraphic, self-satisfied expression, is the worst waiter in the club. And I know that this is buttered toast, and that I shall have to write to the secretary and complain about it. Yes, I'm perfectly clear in the head." "Those points are of very little value. They are too obvious. A better test would be some feat of memory. Can you remember my name, for example?" He looked a little disconcerted. "To tell the truth, old fellow, I've been worrying over that ever since we met. You don't mind, do you?" "Not a bit. Let's try something else. Can you remember your own name?" "Oh, yes, Harris." "Thanks very much. I'd forgotten it."

Harris Gets Excited.

"This is awfully jolly," he said, as pleased as a child with a new toy. "Try me with something else—something really difficult. Would you mind?" "Not a bit. What are seven times seven?" "Forty-nine." "Wrong," I said. "I was afraid you'd go down on that." "But seven times seven *are* forty-nine," he protested. I laid my hand on his arm. "Don't get excited," I warned him. "It's not good for you, and somebody may notice that you're mad and have you turned out of the club." "My dear old chap," he replied, trying to smile calmly, "I'm not excited in the least. But when you tell me that seven times seven are not forty-nine, I mean to say, it's simply dashed silly. I've known all my life that seven sevens were forty-nine." "'Ssh! You're raising your voice. You think you did, but you didn't really, you see. I won't tell anybody." "If seven sevens are not forty-nine," he said with some hauteur, "perhaps you will very kindly tell me what they are?" "Fifty-one, old man—fifty-one." "Would you like to bet on it?" "It wouldn't be fair, I'm afraid." "Oh, that's all right. I'm not going to stop betting just because I'm mad. Don't you think it. We'll have a small bet on this—say a sovereign. Do you agree?" "If you insist, but I shall hate to take your money." "Don't worry about that. Will you abide by the decision of the head-waiter?" "Certainly."

A Fearful Responsibility.

He sent for the head-waiter—a grave, ecclesiastical-looking person. "My friend and I," explained Harris, "have had a little bet on rather a foolish subject." "Not at all, Sir," said the head-waiter. "He will have it that seven sevens—" "Wait a moment," I interrupted. "Don't tell him what we say. Simply ask him what seven sevens are." "Very well. What are seven sevens, waiter?" "Forty-nine, Sir." "There!" cried Harris, in great glee. "I told you so." I began to dislike him intensely. "Would there be anything else, Sir?" asked the head-waiter. . . . I paid over the sovereign, and then Harris walked with me as far as my club and stayed to dinner. I finally shook him off at two o'clock the next morning. His last words were: "Thanks awfully, old fellow! I'll come round to your place to-morrow for those books." And he mustn't be thwarted!

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"MRS. F." AND HER TEMPORARY FIANCÉ.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
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drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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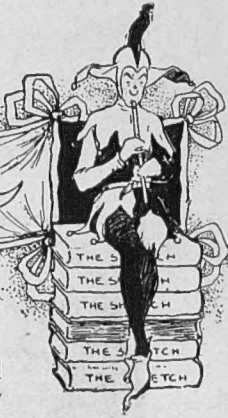
4. FAILING EITHER OF THESE METHODS, SUCH SMALL ARTICLES AS SPOONS AND PEPPER-BOXES CAN BE PLACED IN THE HANDKERCHIEF.

HOW VISITORS AT HOTELS HELP THEMSELVES TO SOUVENIRS.

Hotel proprietors all the world over have had, and are still having, considerable difficulty in defeating the collector of hotel souvenirs. These collectors, who belong to the class of people who will cut the buttons from officers' uniforms, chip pieces from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and steal leaves from valuable books, make a habit of taking from every hotel at which they stay some article to be kept as a souvenir. Their intentions are not those of the ordinary thief, for they have nothing to gain, except the enrichment of their collections by such small articles as pepper-boxes, salt-spoons, and so on. Table articles are most frequently stolen, but the souvenir hunter has been known also to remove such things as water jugs and pillow cases. The lady photographed kindly sat to show some of the methods adopted by the souvenir-hunter.—[Photographs by P. J. Press Bureau.]



THE CLUBMAN



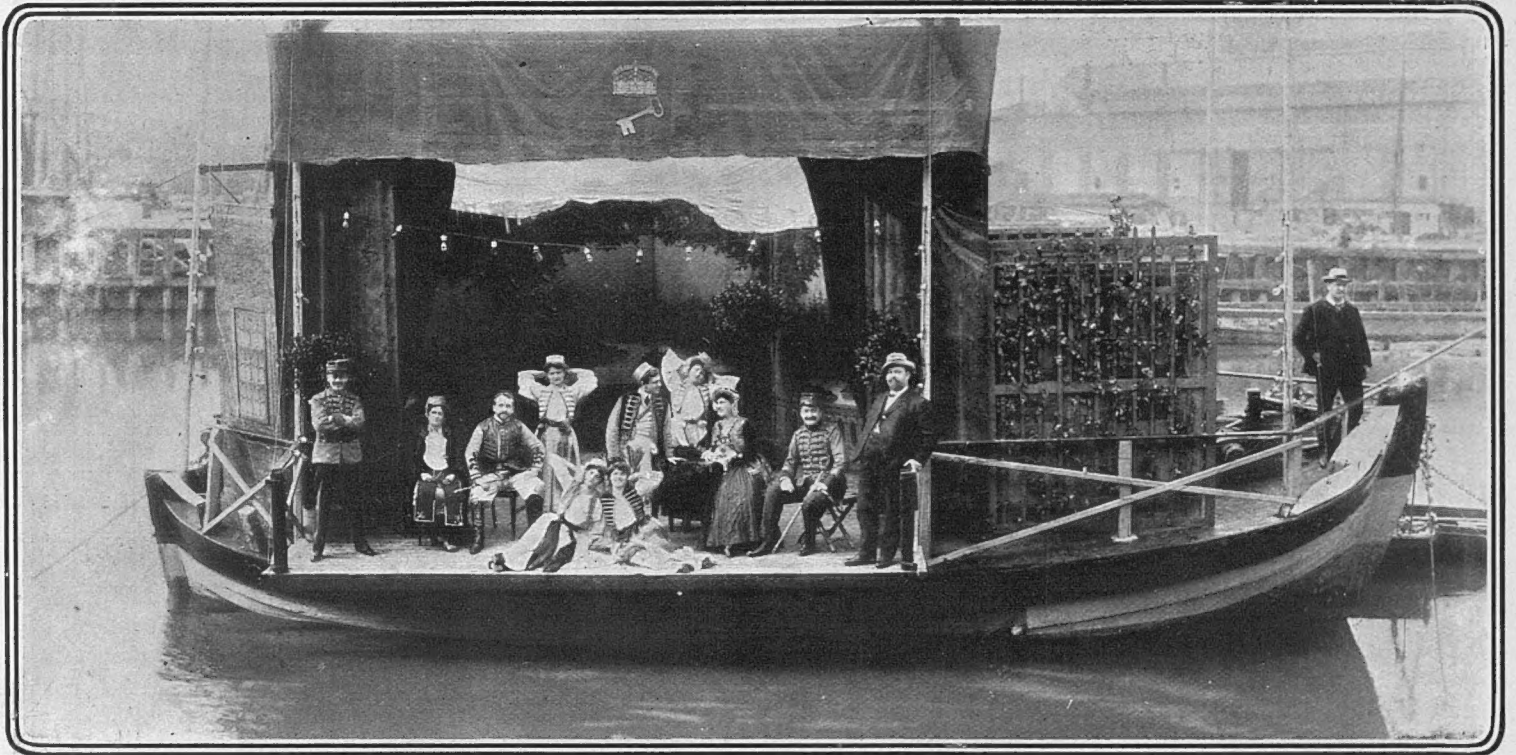
THE AMERICANS IN CARLSBAD—SOME GREAT ONES OF ALL LANDS—MARIENBAD AND KING EDWARD.

I HAVE little doubt that the doctors in the United States advise the families who are going to do the grand tour of Europe to go to Carlsbad for a "cure" before re-crossing the Atlantic in the autumn, and thus to undo the harm that a riotous spring and summer have done them. Anyway, here I have found them all—all those big parties which swoop down on London in April or May and go over to Paris in June and thence on to Switzerland: the father, who heartily wishes that he was back in the States coining dollars; the mother, who thinks that a Duke must eventually marry her eldest girl; the boys and girls, caring nothing for Dukes or dollars, but just having a splendid time; and the motor, the chauffeur, the French maid, and, as likely as not, the tutor and the governess and a brace of nurses.

There is nothing really the matter with any of these Americans, and the Carlsbad doctors quite appreciate the situation, tell them to

An even more important person than the Grand Duke has just left Carlsbad after doing a very rigorous "cure"—M. Clemenceau, the Prime Minister of France. All the cosmopolitan society of the place was agog to entertain the great statesman, and he could have lunched and dined with the possessors of many millions of dollars every day of his stay; but he resolutely refused to make any acquaintances, and a couple of secretaries and a minor official, who put his telegrams into cypher, were the only people to whom he ever seemed to speak.

The road between Marienbad and Carlsbad smokes with motor traffic—public motors and private ones, and there are fairly good express trains either way at hours which interfere with no "cures"; so every day the two watering places exchange contingents at lunch time. Marienbad is, of course, very cock-a-hoop that King Edward prefers its woods and waters to those of Carlsbad, and Carlsbad pretends not to care. When the King was mobbed and



WHY NOT MAKE THEATRES OF THE L.C.C. FLEET? THE FLOATING PLAY-HOUSE AT BREMERHAVEN—A SCENE FROM THE "TALES OF HOFFMANN."

The suggestion that the L.C.C. shall run theatres in the public parks, in addition to the already-popular bands, has aroused a good deal of discussion. Why not carry the idea further, and make it more useful by turning half the L.C.C.'s steam-boats into floating playhouses and the other half into floating auditoriums? During reasonable summers—if ever we are to have a reasonable summer again—the innovation would certainly be popular. It will be remembered that the "Tales of Hoffmann," a scene from which is shown in our photograph, was produced in this country, at the Adelphi, a short time ago.

drink the mildest of the waters, to get up at six and go to bed at ten, to eat simple but pleasant food—a Tepl trout, a Bohemian partridge, fresh stewed apricots, and Gervais cheese are all excellent things in their way—and to drink the wine of the country and Biliher water. The younger members of the family play tennis and golf and climb the mountains, while the elders walk along the shady avenues; and they all go back to New York, or Chicago, or Philadelphia, in October, declaring that the waters of Carlsbad have miraculous-healing powers.

America dominates Carlsbad, just as Great Britain dominates Marienbad, but there are others here. We have some Russian royalties—the brother and sister of the Tsar. Carlsbad sees but little of them. The spring water they drink is carried up to their hotel, and I should not have known they were in the town if it had not been that, going to lunch one day at the Bristol, I found that, in the porch, I was being looked at hard by a quiet gentleman with scrubbing-brush hair—not that any detective could seriously imagine that I was a Nihilist—and that the next day, walking along the Marienbad road, a great motor-car whizzed by me, and I recognised the Grand Duke Michael as one of the occupants. He and the Grand Duchess Olga were going over to Marienbad to lunch with our King.

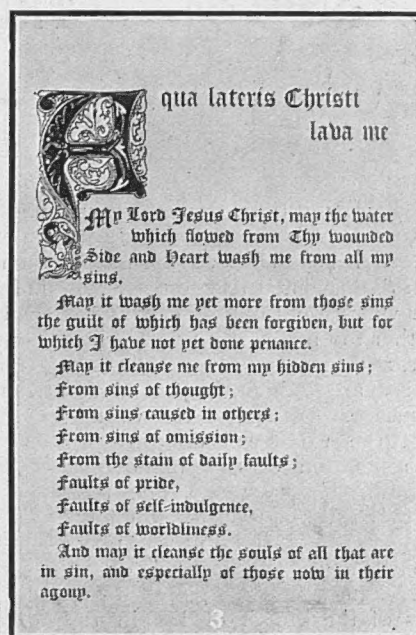
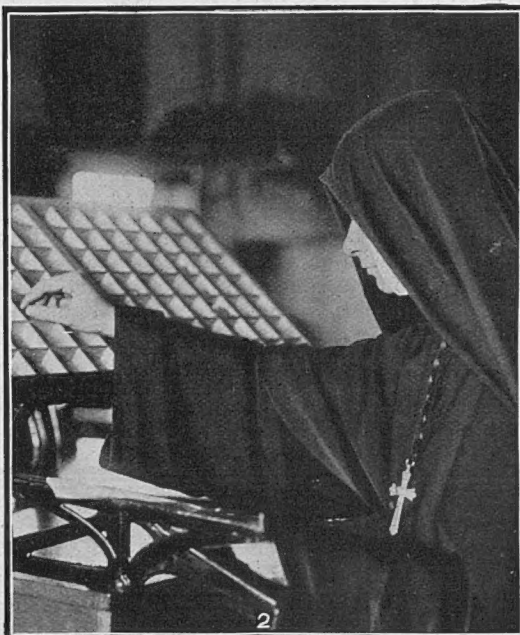
incommoded on the first day that he took the waters this year at Kreuzbrünnen, Carlsbad shrugged its shoulders. "They are not used yet to the presence of royalty, so what else could you expect from those poor people of Marienbad?" said a Carlsbad shopman with lofty scorn as he sold me some garnet sleeve-links and discussed the advantages that Carlsbad has over all the other watering-places of the world.

Marienbad certainly has better air than Carlsbad, for during the very hot days of mid-August, when the town of Carlsbad in its gully sweltered in moist heat, there was a cool breeze at Marienbad on its hillside. But Marienbad can show nothing that compares with the score of pleasant out-of-door cafés high up the Carlsbad valley. Whichever town is the one at which a Briton first takes his "cure" is the one he swears by for ever afterwards.

At Marienbad there is just now that indefinable Court atmosphere which is always about a king, even though he be for the time but a Duke. There are faces of the inside ring of Society to be seen on the verandah of the Imperial, and there are many people who, if unknown to King Edward, know some of his entourage; and even the people who know no one of the little Court feel it comforting and elevating to be in a town where a King at his ease is taking a holiday.

MODERN MISSALS: NUNS AS COMPS. AND MACHINE-MINDERS.

MEMBERS OF THE SISTERHOOD OF THE HOLY CHILD AT WORK IN THE CONVENT PRINTING-WORKS.



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The production of the modern missal, it need hardly be said, differs in many ways from the production of the missals of ancient times. The printing-press has taken the place of trained fingers, and work is carried out on comparatively business-like lines. Our illustrations show members of the Sisterhood of the Holy Child at work. These nuns have just produced a complete history of the religious order to which they belong—compiled, written, set in type, printed, and bound by themselves. The convent is at Sharon Hill, Delaware County, Pa.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE HYPOCRITES"—"FIANDER'S WIDOW"—"THE LITTLE JAPANESE GIRL."

WHEN did Mr. Henry Arthur Jones write "The Hypocrites"? I wonder. Style, and to some extent, subject, suggest that it is an early work, slightly touched up. There are moments when he seems to be engaged in killing the dead—in attacking ideas which went out of currency some years ago; moreover, there is rather too much of the well-made (or machine-made) play in the affair, and not quite enough of the fine workmanship by which artifices are hidden that has been attributed to the later works of the author. Perhaps I am wrong; if so, the work will do little for the reputation of the playwright, yet nothing against it. The fault is simply that the scent of the foot-lights is too strong in the play; it may be the best scent of its kind, but after a good many tastes of the breath of life in the playhouse we object to the artificial odour. There is the last act: the modern dramatist would have left it unwritten. The rounding-off chapter, the record of the events after the play is really over, is needless, and the play was over as soon as the lily-livered Lennard had acknowledged his crime.

"The Hypocrites" is really good of its kind. London welcomed it quite warmly, if without the almost fervent enthusiasm of America. The story is a little thin, and nothing but great skill could have kept us interested through three acts in the question—will he, won't he, confess? The skill was there. Although less masterly than the big act in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," the confrontation scene in the new piece is most thrilling, and made the audience almost gasp. The humorous characters are diverting. Mr. Wilmore is a fine specimen of the hypocrite—indeed, there seems to be only one in the play, despite the title—and in the skilful hands of Mr. J. H. Barnes caused a hearty laugh in every scene. The Vicar is a really nice sketch of a time-serving, gluttonous old parson who does not even take the trouble to be a humbug; the subtle touches in the character are admirably shown by Mr. Alfred Bishop, and I think his style is preferable to the more unctuous manner apparently conceived by the author. Mr. Viveash, the unscrupulous lawyer, was partly serious, partly comic, and in some passages an excellent picture of the cynical man-of-the-world. Mr. Arthur Lewis made a hit in the character, though at times I think he acted a little too much, and was over lavish in gesture. Capital work in minor comic parts was done by Miss Henrietta Watson, Miss Irene Clarke, and Mr. Brooking.

The serious people are less interesting, save, perhaps, Mrs. Wilmore, who, as presented by Miss Marion Terry, was quite a fascinating study of the mother fighting for her son, and, in his interest, scornful of wrong or right. Her superb work almost brought over the audience to the side of the goats. The trying part of the son was very well played by Mr. Vernon Steel. The character of the uncompromising curate seemed a little—very little—beyond

Mr. Leslie Faber, who played in excellent style, and had some fine moments, yet did not dominate the characters in the manner intended. Indeed, he and Miss Doris Keane, the leading lady, seemed a trifle insignificant at times. Still, Miss Keane certainly is an actress of no small power, and in some passages was admirable.

In "Fiander's Widow" the authors remind one of the actor so conscientious as to black himself all over before playing "Othello"; for Mr. Valentine and Mrs. Blundell, in their anxiety to give a truly bucolic air, have adopted in their play the slowness and prolixity which irritate the Cockney when in the country. The worst of this fault is that it gives one time to examine too closely their little play; and it will not bear anything like close examination, being but an ingenious piece of sham rusticity concerning two sweethearts who have never been inside the cab radius, and would not like to go there. Their rusticity is symbolised by the comic-opera petticoat worn by the farmer's wife when at her work. Still, there is quite an entertaining tale about the lady farmer who, finding that she cannot manage her farm, resolves to marry an old farmer so that he may manage it for her. She was a widow whose first husband was old enough to be her grandfather; strange that she should prefer such an unpleasant wedding to selling or letting the farm, or merely hiring a manager. The soul of the piece is the Isaac Sharpe of Mr. Sydney Valentine who, aided by Mrs. Blundell, has written a prodigiously "fat" part for himself, and plays it so well that I am sorry he cannot sit among the audience and, as author, enjoy his own rendering of the quaint, kindly old man who was much against matrimony, yet found himself engaged to the pretty widow. Such a pretty widow, for Miss Miriam Clements plays the part, and plays it quite agreeably. Mr. Nye Chart got on very well with the character of the true lover. Mrs. Calvert's country charwoman did not really reek of the country, yet was very funny. Messrs. Widdicombe, Edward Rigby, and Eldred were amusing yokels, if a little over-coloured.



A BARONESS IN GRACIE LEIGH'S PART IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND:" ANNIE DIRKENS (BARONESS HAMMERSTEIN) AS MINA.

The Baroness, who is a great favourite in Vienna, is playing in "Miss Hook of Holland," at the Berlin Winter Garden.

The new curtain-raiser, "The Little Japanese Girl," which precedes "Brewster's Millions" at the Duke of York's, is a little curiosity adapted from the Japanese by Miss Loie Fuller. Till the last five minutes it is a mild love-story of a girl who is trying on a princess's robes and rouge, and, either in alarm or in a spirit of mischief, leads the princess's lover to think that he is spurned, and not allowed to see his lady's face. With a very Japanese violence of contrast the spirit of the thing changes, and the lover stabs her with his knife, and she dies explaining to the Princess and her own lover how the mistake arose. Miss Pauline Chase is charming in the lighter passages, and plays the death-scene with a touch of real pathos. And the little piece is quite beautifully mounted and more worthy of attention than are curtain-raisers as a rule.

"THE LITTLE JAPANESE GIRL," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S:

MISS PAULINE CHASE IN THE NEW CURTAIN-RAISER.

Gen (Mr. Percival Stevens). The Princess (Miss Jane May). A Little Japanese Girl (Miss Pauline Chase). The Prince (Mr. Edward Sass).



THE PRINCE KILLS THE LITTLE JAPANESE GIRL.



THE DEATH OF THE LITTLE JAPANESE GIRL.

The Princess. A Little Japanese Girl. Gen. The Prince.

The Prince and the Princess are in love, and there is nothing to mar their happiness until one day a little Japanese girl puts on the robe that the Princess has left behind her, and, with the aid of rouge and powder, makes herself "pretty, like Princess." Then, as the dusk falls, the Prince returns to the garden, sees the Japanese girl, and in the twilight mistakes her for the Princess. Once again he declares his love, but the supposed Princess will not listen to him. Again and again he asks the Princess's love, and again and again he is repulsed. Then, in a fit of anger, he stabs the girl, to learn too late the error into which he has fallen.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.



MOTHER OF THE YOUNGEST ROYAL
BABY: PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK.

Photograph by Thomson.

might easily have made a great alliance, but she preferred to remain in her own country and to become the wife of a Prince who, it is an open secret, is not over-blessed with worldly goods.

Forthcoming Ducal Memoirs. The Duke of Argyll, already known as a poet and essayist, is engaged, according to rumour, in compiling the memories of a life which already covers a considerable span. Should he care to be, even in a measure, slightly indiscreet, the book is likely to prove extraordinarily interesting, for King Edward's brother-in-law has been "behind the scenes" from infancy, and, like his favourite uncle, Lord Ronald Gower, he always enjoyed the very special favour of Queen Victoria, and that long before he became her daughter's husband. Lord Ronald's own reminiscences made very good reading, but he, of course, never held any high official position. It is an open secret that the Duke would have much liked to write his remarkable father's biography, but the work fell instead into the capable hands of the late Duke's widow, Ina, Duchess of Argyll.

Lord Errington, whose engagement to Lady Ruby Elliot is announced, is likely to play a very important part in the diplomacy of the twentieth century. In accordance with the excellent new arrangement of inter-changing service inside the Foreign Office with service in some Embassy or Legation abroad, Lord Cromer's heir has begun the diplomatic career, for which he is so supremely well fitted, in the magnificent Italian-looking palace which overlooks St. James's Park. There Lord Errington holds

the rank of Third Secretary, and as he is still on the sunny side of thirty there is plenty of time yet for him to emulate his father's fame, and to become one of the Empire builders and keepers of the yet distant future.

Barristers' Secret Society. It has excited some surprise that the

eighteen men and women tried last week for plotting to kill the Tsar should find counsel ready to run the risk of defending them. It is a perilous business to justify a man or woman proved to have planned to slay the Autocrat of all the Russias. The process would be impossible but for the operation of an unique organisation.

The men who conduct defences such as these are scions of houses among the most exalted in Russia. About seventy of them are banded together in a sort of semi-secret society, pledged, without money and without price, to defend political prisoners. Were one man, or half-a-dozen men, or even a score of men, to do such a thing, he or they might mysteriously disappear, and though the prison-fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul might have a new number upon its books, the world would hear no more of the vanished barrister. But where seventy or eighty men of light and leading are banded together for the one purpose, it is difficult and dangerous to practice the old policy of secret arrest.

These are the men who dare to raise their voices on behalf of the men and women whom Russian officialdom marks down for extermination by lawful means or judicial murder.

Gertrude Lady Dunmore. Gertrude Lady Dunmore,

as the wife of the late Lord Dunmore will henceforward be called, is one of the many accomplished daughters of the venerable Earl of Leicester, and Lord Dunmore first made her acquaintance only through his immense interest in the agricultural experiments carried on at Holkham. Like each of her five sisters — all, by the way, Peeresses — Lady Dunmore is on terms of intimacy with several members of our royal family, and the late Sovereign was godmother to the only one of her daughters still unmarried, whose firm belief in Christian Science converted her parents. The new Lord Dunmore is also a Christian Scientist.



TO MARRY LADY RUBY ELLIOT:
LORD ERRINGTON.

Photograph by Dittrich.



WHERE THE ROMANS DRANK THE WATERS: THE GRANDE GRILLE AT VICHY,
AS IT IS TO-DAY.

The waters at Vichy are taken for almost every ill that flesh is heir to, and the springs have been famous since Roman times. Of all the springs there found, the Grande Grille, the waters of which are strongly impregnated with bi-carbonate of soda, is the most popular amongst our own countrymen and Americans.



THE BEST-BEHAVED MILLINER IN PARIS:
MLLE. ELISABETH LEGRANGE.

Mlle. Legrange recently received a prize of £400 offered to the "best-behaved milliner in Paris," under the will of an eccentric lady, who left a large sum of money for the purpose. There were 117 claims.



A PROFESSOR WHO ADVOCATES A SCHOOL
FOR LOVERS: PROFESSOR HENDERSON.

The professor would like to establish a school for lovers, and teach the young man and the young woman the art of making love. It is said that he himself would be willing to accept the Chair of Courtship.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



1. THE BONES WILL BE TIED WITH CORDS AND COUNTER-WEIGHTED. THE CORDS WILL THEN BE MANIPULATED UNTIL THE BONES ARE IN THE POSITION REQUIRED.
2. PHOTOGRAPHING A RACE-HORSE FROM A HEIGHT OF FIFTY FEET, IN ORDER TO OBTAIN PICTURES OF THE SPINAL COLUMN OF A HORSE MOVING AT FULL SPEED.
3. & 4. PAINTING A WHITE LINE ALONG THE SPINE IN ORDER THAT THE MOVEMENTS OF THE SPINE COULD BE PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE THE HORSE WAS RUNNING.

5. THE OPERATOR PREPARING TO TAKE THE PHOTOGRAPHS.
6. THE RUNNING POSITION IN WHICH THE SKELETON OF SYSONBY IS TO BE MOUNTED.
7. PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING (BY MEANS OF THE POSITION OF THE WHITE LINE PAINTED ALONG THE HORSE'S BACK) THE CHANGE THAT TAKES PLACE IN THE POSITION OF THE VERTICAL COLUMN WHILE THE HORSE IS MOVING.

PHOTOGRAPHING A RACE-HORSE FROM THE SKY: HOW THE SKELETON OF SYSONBY WILL BE MOUNTED.

The skeleton of Sysonby, one of the greatest American race-horses, is to be mounted in running position in the American Museum of Natural History. To ensure that the bones will be mounted accurately a remarkable series of photographs of a running horse were taken from a height of fifty feet. In order that the movement of the spine might be registered on the photographic plates, a white line was painted along the vertical column of the horse. The skeleton is not likely to be exhibited for about a year.

By courtesy of the Scientific American.



THE NEW LORD DUNMORE.

Photograph by Dickinson.

Doncaster will be *en fête*. Then the King is expected to stay at Tulchan Lodge, where he has not been since the Accession, though Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon have entertained him elsewhere, and have received for some years past an annual visit from the Prince of Wales. When at Balmoral, where he is expected to arrive at the end of the present month, his Majesty will give a number of bachelor parties, and Deeside is expected to be very gay, for the Prince and Princess of Wales will be at Aberfeldie, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Birkhall, and the Duchess of Fife, though far from strong, will have friends of her own and the Duke's at Mar Lodge.

Queen Alexandra's Holiday. The British public watches with sympathetic interest each stage of Queen Alexandra's annual autumn holiday. In old days her Majesty always went straight to Denmark, in order to join the large and happy circle gathered around her parents; this year the Queen has taken Christiania on her way, and her youngest daughter has had the happiness of welcoming her to the splendid palace which has been well described as "the most magnificently situated of town palaces in Europe." When in her native land Queen Alexandra will spend some weeks in the only house she can really call her own, and even that is shared by her with her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia. Hyvedore is a delightful villa, within easy distance of Copenhagen, and its beautiful grounds are bounded by the sea. Many improvements have been made to the villa since it was purchased by the royal sisters, and the present King of Denmark has presented them with a great deal of furniture which used to be in the old-world Güle Palace, where King Christian's children were born and spent their happy youth.

The New Lord Dunmore. The new Lord Dunmore will be a valuable addition to the "Service" members of the Upper House. In some ways he has as vivid and picturesque a personality as had his remarkable father, and as a boy the originality and high spirits of Lord Fincastle used to astonish his pastors and masters at the public school which he amazed by his pranks more than he adorned by his scholarship. Then, as sometimes happens with that type of youth, he showed of what splendid metal he was made as soon as he joined the Army and saw something of active service. For some years Lord Fincastle was fighting continuously, and it was on the North-West frontier of India that he won his V.C., while on the outbreak of the

CROWNS: CORONETS: & COURTIERS

THE KING, after having enjoyed what seems to have been an exceptionally successful "cure" — for Dr. Ott gives his Majesty a clean bill of health — will pay a number of country-house visits during the next few weeks. Lord and Lady Savile, so long favourite hosts of the Sovereign, will bring together a cheery house-party at Rufford Abbey, and

South African War he captured the splendid battalion of Imperial Yeomanry, known as "Fincastle's Horse." The new peer, who is thirty-six, is a godson of the King and persona grata at Court, indeed, he was among those selected to accompany the Prince of Wales on the occasion of the marriage of the King and

Queen of Spain, and he witnessed the historic attempt on their Majesties' lives. His marriage, some three years ago, to Miss Lucinda Dorothea Kemble, the daughter of a Skye landowner, aroused much interest, as it was understood that their betrothal was the outcome of a long romance. Lord Dunmore, like his late father, is an accomplished musician. He is passionately fond of Scotland, and enjoys the quaint title of hereditary "Lord Superior of St. Kilda."



A PRINCE FOR WHOM THE SEA WAS EAU-DE-COLOGNE: PRINCE WILHELM OF SWEDEN.

A social war has been raging round the person of Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, who is on a visit to America. It is said that the wife of one millionaire was greatly disappointed at the fact that the Prince could not accept her invitation to a bathing party, especially as she had made arrangements to have the sea eau-de-cologned.

A Prince Killed with Kindness.

Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, who is now enjoying what must surely be "the time of his life" at Newport (R.I.), bids fair to be killed with kindness, for the various lady millionaires whose palatial cottages line the sea-front of the smartest of American watering-places are striving each to outdo the other in the matter of his entertainment. Never was royal personage so fêted since our Sovereign's visit to the United States forty-seven years ago. On that occasion "Baron Renfrew" caused such a furore that no building in New York was supposed to be large enough to hold those who had a right to attend the reception given in his honour. Prince Wilhelm is only three-and-twenty, and a very serious-minded young sailor. In fact, in some ways he is very like his uncle, Prince Bernadotte, and the American temperance cranks are overjoyed to hear that he has requested his zealous millionaire hostesses not to allow spirits, or wine in any form, to be offered to him when he is being lunched or dined with the prodigality and refined luxury which only the Transatlantic plutocrat is capable of uniting on one and the same occasion.

A Diplomatic Hostess.

Madame Botkine will be very much missed in that high little cosmopolitan world known as the London diplomatic circle, for her husband, late First Secretary of the Russian Embassy, has been promoted to the difficult post of Minister-Resident at Tangier. It would be difficult to imagine a greater change than that from being accredited to the Court of St. James to that of the Court of Morocco! Madame Botkine is an American, but she comes of a noted diplomatic family, for she is a granddaughter of that "Minister Washburn" who was so stirring and imposing a figure at the Court of Napoleon III. Madame Botkine spent her girlhood in Paris; she is highly accomplished, and has a perfect genius for dress.



WIFE OF THE NEW RUSSIAN MINISTER TO THE COURT OF MOROCCO: MME. BOTKINE.

M. Botkine, First Secretary of the Russian Embassy to this country, has been appointed Minister-Resident at Tangier to the Court of Morocco.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.

A HINT FOR DRURY LANE DRAMATISTS:

A SMART SET WITH TAILS.



1. THE UP-TO-DATE AMERICAN GIRL WITH THE UP-TO-DATE AMERICAN SOCIETY-PET: THE MONKEY CARRIED IN A MUFF.

3. TEACHING THE MONKEY TO BEHAVE "LIKE A LITTLE MAN": THE FASHIONABLE AMERICAN PET JOINS HIS MISTRESS IN A CUP OF TEA.

2. AN AMERICAN GIRL FOLLOWING THE SOCIETY FAD OF KEEPING A MONKEY IN PLACE OF THE MORE CONVENTIONAL POODLE.

4. A PAMPERED MONKEY AND HIS BOY VALET OUT FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL AT THE BEGINNING OF A HARD DAY'S PLEASURE.

A dog déjeuner is to be a feature of the Autumn drama at Drury Lane. Why not a monkey tea also, for the monkey is becoming exceedingly popular amongst the American Smart Set, and, it is said, has quite taken the place of the poodle. Every attempt is made to teach him to behave "like a little man." Much time is spent on his training, and he is introduced into society by means of a monkey tea or a monkey reception. The smaller he is the better, and he is frequently carried in the muff, in the coat-pocket, or in a wrist-bag.—[Photographs by the Union Bureau of News.]



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**A Left-Handed
Affair.**

Each time that he is photographed in the act of firing the shot which inaugurates a new rifle-range—and the occasions have not been few of late—Lord Roberts blazes defiance at the Army Council. This body has issued a decree that soldiers shall not fire from the left shoulder if they can fire from the right; and it is pretty certain that its instructions will be obeyed to the letter. Lord Roberts is one of the left-handed ones, and fires from the left shoulder. Seeing that the Army Council has in its service so many left-handed shots, it might be as well to manufacture a sufficiency of rifles which have the bolt lever on the left side. A bullet well aimed gets there as surely from a man's left shoulder as from his right, and the getting there is, after all, the main point.

**Strenuous
Pretence.**

It is devoutly to be hoped that the military manoeuvres this week will not have another sensation like the charge that ended in a trooper's death. At Aldershot, in the spring, a couple of mines exploded in the wrong direction, and scattered debris of stonework and iron among the thousand men assembled. But they do this sort of thing with greatest effect in Germany, where, according to the critics, Kaiser William plans battles which, if real, would involve such slaughter that the entire armies of Europe and Asia would not suffice for the work. They must have been pretty realistic in Wellington's days of mock battles, for he recorded with infinite

wear glasses, and had not noticed a sprig of heather, worn as a distinguishing mark, in the shakos of the troops he was attacking.

**The White
Man's Burden.**

The "regrettable incident" of which the chief, Morenga, to the infinite regret of the Cape Parliament, has been the central figure, has been settled upon Morenga's native heath or thereabouts. When the trouble with Ngomini, Mzingeliva, Wanda, and their compatriots exercised the public mind last year, they sent over a singularly gifted advocate in the person of Mr. Alfred Mangena, a Zulu scholar, to argue the case before the Privy Council, here in London. Some of the colonies do not like this ancient and powerful arm of the Constitution. New Zealand, in particular, has, through the mouths of its legal men of light and leading, spoken of it with as little respect as Sydney Smith's friend had for the equator. But to the native mind it is an institution of little less than celestial efficacy, much to be honoured and praised. If they were allowed to speak their minds, the people of India who are doing their best to set fire to the heather, so to say, might be prepared to abide by the decision of the Privy Council upon all that now vexes their hearts. There is warranty for their faith.

**The "Judicial
Committee" God.**

Into a remote part of India travelled a friend of Mr. Haldane, to find the natives offering up a sacrifice to an all-powerful god, who had just restored to them a large tract of land

**ROSES AT CHRISTMAS: HOW
TO ENSURE HAVING THEM.**

The buds should be packed in the autumn: September is a good month. The buds will not keep indefinitely, but should last until Christmas at all events.

Photographs by Eastin.

1. GATHER WELL-FORMED BUDS, AND STEEP THE STALKS IN MELTED WAX UNTIL THE OPENINGS ARE SEALED.



2. THEN WRAP EACH BUD IN SOFT TISSUE PAPER, EXERCISING THE GREATEST CARE IN HANDLING.

amusement how an English family, travelling in France, fled with terror before the legions engaged in mimic war, and how the head of the family bolted with the fugitive soldiers, and left his lady fainting in the hands of the victors.

**The Amazing
Manoeuvre.**

Not all the mistakes in moments such as these are on the side of the layman. Sir Evelyn Wood tells a delicious story in his autobiography, where the joke is against an officer of standing. Sir James Yorke Scarlett, we are told, was leading a line of skirmishers of one force against another many yards in front, as he had led the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava against three times their number. Cocked-hat in hand, Sir James was cheering on his men up the Fox Hills, near Mitchet Lake. Three times Sir Evelyn pointed out that he was very far forward, to be rebuffed only with a curt expression beginning with an oath. On the third occasion the gallant fire-eater turned round and said—"Young man, have I not twice ordered you to hold your tongue? If I like to lead my skirmishers, what the — is that to you?" Said Sir Evelyn, with great respect—"Ten thousand pardons, Sir, but it is the enemy's line in retreat that you have been leading for the last ten minutes!" Sir James was short-sighted, did not



3. NEXT PLACE THE BUDS IN A BOX MADE AIRTIGHT BY MEANS OF PAPER PASTED OVER EVERY JOIN.



4. WHEN THE ROSES ARE REQUIRED, UNPACK THE BUDS, CUT OFF THE SEALED ENDS, AND PLACE THE STEMS IN HOT WATER FOR FIVE MINUTES AND THEN IN COLD WATER FOR AN HOUR, KEEPING THE FLOWERS IN A DARK CUPBOARD.

which the Government had taken from them. "What is the name of the god?" the traveller inquired. "We know nothing of him but that he is a good god, and that his name is the 'Judicial Committee of the Privy Council,'" was the reply. Surely ingenuous mind never paid a finer compliment to the wisdom and justice of constitutional authority. The people of India do not praise without their book; they have had experience of the Council's patience and perspicacity. They have submitted to it more problems than all the rest of the Empire put together. One recent case, which lawyers will remember, turned upon the claims of rival sects to a certain temple.

It began with the dawn of the nineteenth century, and one of the counsel engaged was able to speak of his experiences in the matter forty years before the hearing in question. A compromise had been practically arrived at, which would mean pretty much the same thing as if Westminster Abbey were under the joint control of the Dean and the Cardinal of Westminster Cathedral, with the proviso that they must always begin their services by denouncing the Pope. The Privy Council kindly set aside that compromise; then turned with unruffled serenity to a claim from Newfoundland as to the duty payable upon tinned lobster!

A BLOODLESS VICTORY.



THE UP-TO-DATE YOUNG LADY (to the British workmen, whose adjectives have been monotonous, but familiar): My good men, do try to make your conversation more—er—anæmic.

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. J. H. BARNES, who has just returned to London, after an absence of a year, to play his original part in "The Hypocrites" at the Hicks Theatre, was once the hero—or was it the victim?—of an incident which might serve as the basis of a very delightful article on a certain phase of the actor's life. He was playing Alphonse in "On Delicate Ground"—a play which has in it the same idea as "Divorcons," which was running so recently at the Duke of York's. The play, as every amateur knows, is placed in the time of the French Revolution, and Mr. Barnes, as the soldier-lover, had to enter in one scene with a pack-box. It was a heavy box and the actor, as he carried it, had to present the appearance of being in a state of great nervousness, as the representative of the other part said to him, "Your legs seem giving way under you." Mr. Barnes was making this as realistic as possible, and the audience roared with laughter, so that he naturally felt that he was in his element as a high-comedy actor. At length he put the box on the table and went on with the scene. When his cue to go off came, he started to do so, and his eye caught the box which he had placed on the table. Then he understood the cause of the merriment of the audience. As he looked, he read on the side of the box, "Blank's Homœopathic Cocoa."

The forthcoming appearance of Miss Fatima Miris at the Hippodrome, in her unique entertainment, in which she plays the whole of the ever-popular "Geisha" by herself, representing each part in turn in its different dress, recalls an incident which happened in the early career of Mr. W. H. Post, the American actor who, until a few days ago, was playing the Senator in "The Earl of Pawtucket." He was acting with the late John McCulloch, a famous American actor who, some twenty years ago, came to London and made a great success as Virginius at Drury Lane Theatre. In McCulloch's repertoire was "Damon and Pythias," and Mr. Post was cast for the part of Dionysius, a young man. Just before the curtain went up one night, the actor cast for Lucullus sent word that he was ill and could not appear that evening. There was no understudy, and the management was in a quandary, for the part was an important one. Luckily Mr. Post knew every part in the play, and by a happy circumstance Dionysius did not meet Lucullus during

the whole of the five acts. He therefore offered to play the latter in addition to his own part. It necessitated changing backwards and forwards no fewer than eleven times, making twenty-two complete changes of dress and make-up from the time he went into the theatre until he left it, for while he played Dionysius as a young man with clean-shaven face and in a short tunic, Lucullus had to appear in robes and with a full beard and moustache.

Mr. Post tells a story of a decidedly humorous incident in the career of the great Edwin Forrest, which will unquestionably be new to *Sketch* readers. When travelling about to the different cities, playing his great Indian part, Metamora, with the stock companies, Forrest used naturally to rely on the necessary child being found for him, though, to save trouble, he always carried the little cap and costume for it to wear. One of the great situations of the play represented the kidnapping of this child by Metamora, who carried it up a steep ravine and across a bridge. In one town, after the rehearsal, the child suddenly fell ill, and the stage manager, though he tried everywhere, could not get another in time for the performance. As drowning men catch at straws, so the stage manager jumped at the idea that the proprietor of the neighbouring cigar shop, which was extensively patronised by the actors, was a dwarf, and that he should be impressed into the service. The stage manager at once went off to the tobacconist-dwarf, who consented to help the management out of its difficulty. He put on the dress and cap, and Forrest, without looking at him, took him up, hoisted him over his shoulder, and strode with him up the ravine, and across the bridge. Somehow or other, however,

the carpenters in setting the scene had not made it very secure, and as the tragedian moved the rocks shook ominously, suggesting a possible catastrophe. The dwarf's soul was full of fear at the prospect of falling fifteen feet or more on to the stage. "For Heaven's sake, Forrest, be careful," he tremblingly whispered to the tragedian, as his mouth lay close to the latter's ear. The unexpected remark changed Metamora into Edwin Forrest. He caught the "child" he was carrying and looked at him. That glance changed the child into the dwarf-man. He did not need to look a second time to see that under the hood of the babe projected the long pointed beard which the dwarf always wore!



THE DANCER OF "PI --- OUIT": Mlle. MISTINGUETTE, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE PALACE.

Mlle. Mistinguette is introducing to London audiences the new Parisian dance, "Pi --- Ouit."

Photograph by Manuel.

REALLY TU - TU ! KAFFIR GENÉES.



IS THE BALLET - SKIRT BARBARIC? NATIVES AT A COMING - OF - AGE DANCE IN ZULULAND.

The resemblance between the straw dress of the Kaffirs here shown and the tu-tu (that is, the short-skirted dress) of the première danseuse is obvious. The dancers whitewash themselves. On such festivities as the one illustrated much native beer is drunk.

Photograph by the Anglian Press Agency.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

LORD RANDOLPH "forgot" Goschen; the cook in "Great Expectations" mislaid the beef; and Mr. Edmund Gosse overlooked "Olalla," and has had to put it out of its place in the Pentland edition of Stevenson's works. Well, many of us are on the way to forget Goschen by now; and the beef is becoming less and less a necessity in the menu. But how could any "true-blue Stevensonian" forget "Olalla"? Of all his short stories it is the one calculated to leave on many minds the most enduring impression. For there, as nowhere else so directly, Stevenson preaches salvation by sacrifice; there it is that he himself seems to learn, right in the face of the reader, the lesson of the crucifix, beneath whose shadow Olalla, the Spanish girl, is last seen by the Englishman she loves. She loves, but she refuses to marry him, on account of the madness in her blood.

"Sir," said the modest lady to Dr. Johnson, "your Dictionary contains improper words." "Madam," replied the great man,

and the rhetoric of Gibbon. Attila was, in fact, reborn as "The Scourge of God" in the beating intensity of Meredith's poetry, and it is Meredith's Attila, more or less, one imagines and hopes, who will step upon the boards of His Majesty's.

The *Morning Post* has opened a dead-season correspondence on the books we read; and Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Hilaire Belloc have contributed their quota. It is now ten years since Mr. Lang began to lament the new forces in literature, and to half-blame, half-excuse, himself under the guise of "an old fogey." Now it is as "an aged and infirm sheep" that he "bleats" against the idea that history can be sought in the pages of the contemporary novel, or that "The Scarlet Pimpernel" will last as long as "The Scarlet Letter." He does not think much of the Bensons or of the Egerton-Castles, but he unconsciously mitigates his dispraise by the confession that he does not read them. At any rate, he does not think that they have superseded Scott and Thackeray and Dickens.



POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS—III. PICKING FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK FOR LUCK.

[DRAWN BY TONY SARG.]

"you have been looking for them." And in the general literature of the day, the rule obtains—the reader finds the thing he looks for. He now expects the turgid in a new poem by Mr. Swinburne, and he gets it in the panegyric on Karl Blind. Mr. Swinburne must by now have written more panegyrics than almost any poet, alive or dead. Some are better than others; that on Barry Cornwall is among the best. But they are all at fever-heat; and the sound of them seems to outstrip the feeling. That such, indeed, was the case with the lengthy lines on Bell Scott the sequel showed. For Mr. Swinburne, in prose, withdrew, and indeed, reversed, his enormous encomium when he found in the papers of the "poet and painter" a disrespectful word about himself. Then the phrases were "poetaster" and "dauber." It is, perhaps, after this experience that we are conscious of a certain froth and inflation in these set panegyrics of men who have fomented revolution abroad, manufactured by the hand of a man who abhors revolution nearer home. But, then, as Dr. Johnson says, it is for inflation that we look.

The Mr. "Benyon" of the posters, announced all over London as the author of "Attila," a drama in blank verse to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre, was, of course, instantly identified as Mr. Laurence Binyon, who works under Mr. Sidney Colvin in the Print Room at the British Museum—a Print Room which has seen the composition—furtive composition, possibly—of many verses and much good prose. Attila the Hun is not new to literature, and Mr. Binyon will give into Mr. Oscar Asche's hands a character who has survived the measured, unbarbaric verse of Corneille,

Mr. Belloc, no less than Mr. Lang, knows his own mind, and he does not think that the authors who are now having their innings will hold the wicket for ever. There are many good things done, but the modern author leaves undone the marching-song, because we don't march, and the drinking-song, because we have forgotten how to drink. Well, Mr. Belloc has put some life into that dead department himself; and when he laments the extinction of the Epic, of the good Speech, of the Epitaph, of the Repartee, of the Dedication, of the Chronicle, of the Elegy, and of the Triumphal Ode, again he is surely a little too sweeping in his clearance. Let us say (but out of reach of Putney) that the Elegy is dead. We may yet hold that the Dedication has still its day, that the Chronicle is not wanting, and that the Triumphal Ode passes not so much by literary default as by the old world's consciousness of the cost of victory, of victory's transitoriness and its small reckoning in human happiness. Mr. Belloc admits the contemporary success in one department—that of Farce. But he is not wholly happy—he listens in vain for the snatches that delight his ear. He misses the drinking-song.

Mr. E. V. Lucas will have only three books ready for publication in the month of October! Despite this moderation, and a youthfulness which his wisdom seems ever to belie, he must be almost as near to his century of runs in bookmaking as he has often been on the cricket-field. It is no light business to write or edit a hundred books; but if they also happen to be about the Best Hundred Books of the day the triumph is so much the more.—M. E.

ONE DOWN ; T' OTHER COME UP !

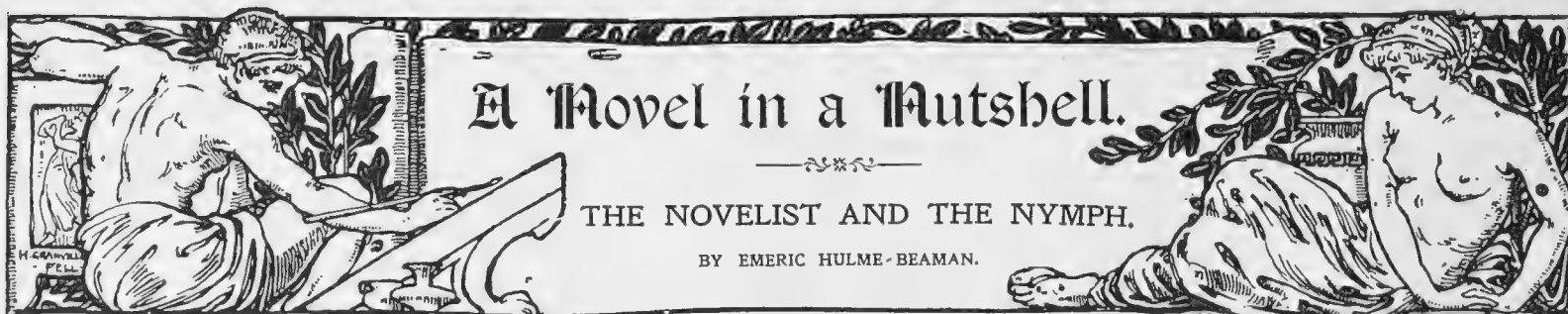


PAT : We'll take jist wan more to drown our sorrows, Moike.

MIKE : We will.

PAT : An' thin we'll take another wan for a loife-preserver, to save the poor devils from a wathery grave !

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARSON.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE NOVELIST AND THE NYMPH.

BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

IT was a hot September morning—as September mornings occasionally are. July and August had been fresh, bracing months, with something of the cheery sting of winter about them; but summer came suddenly with the partridges, and, as if to apologise for the tardiness of its arrival, put a quite exceptional amount of warmth into its greeting to the world in general.

The sea was calm and placid—enjoying, as one might think, this temporary respite from the gales which had recently been raging along the coast; nor was the Novelist one whit less calm and placid when he stepped into it from the fringe of the shingle.

He had arrived the previous day at the little fishing village where he purposed to study the manners and habits of the natives during his brief stay amongst them; and, wandering down to the beach on the following morning in search of a secluded spot from which to enjoy his matutinal swim, had fixed upon a small strip of the sands, enclosed on either side by a slight abutment of the cliffs, which appeared to offer precisely the facilities he required.

Here, then, he had disrobed behind a large umbrella, which he had (as he admitted to himself, quite needlessly) brought down for the purpose; and arrayed in a becoming, if somewhat scanty, costume, he waded thoughtfully out till the water was deep enough to permit of the more graceful progress of swimming.

The Novelist was a good swimmer—indeed, so good that he had once seriously contemplated the expediency of attempting to swim the Channel, by way of advertisement. Recollecting, however, in time, the withering contempt in which anything in the shape of self-advertisement was held by Miss Corelli and other great literary artists, he abandoned the idea as being unworthy of a distinguished author.

Nevertheless, he was quite capable of swimming a mile without over-fatigue, and on this particular September morning he swam out a considerable distance before turning to retrace his course.

He had accomplished in a leisurely fashion about half the distance of his return journey, when he was amazed to hear a voice, as it were out of the bosom of the deep, suddenly address him.

"Good-morning," it said, in clear, silvery tones.

The Novelist peered over the edge of a wave to make certain that his ears had not deceived him, and there, not half-a-dozen yards away, he distinctly beheld a shapely head, wearing a small oilskin cap, from beneath which an insubordinate curl or two escaped in pretty wantonness to dally with the spray that came leaping up to kiss the face that now turned laughingly towards his own.

There could be no further doubt that the face was that of a young girl, so far as the Novelist could determine in that first brief glimpse of it which the wave allowed him.

"Oh! good morning!" he said. "By the way, you *did* speak, didn't you?"

"Of course I did," replied the head; "didn't you hear me?"

"Pardon me," replied the Novelist. "I was inclined for the moment to believe it must have been a syren's voice I heard! And I find after all it was a nymph's! A charming day."

"Are you swimming back?" demanded the Nymph.

"That is my present intention," he answered, as though he were quite prepared to alter it in order to oblige a lady—especially a Nymph.

"I will swim with you then—if I may."

"I could not have dreamt of so great a happiness!" said the Novelist, forgetting for the moment that he was in the sea, and trying to execute a little bow, which caused his head momentarily to disappear beneath the surface.

The Nymph regarded him gravely as he shook the water from his eyes and gasped.

"You really should be careful," she said. "Don't you think it's rather risky for you to swim out alone so far? You might easily get drowned, you know, if you are not a strong swimmer."

"Pray," said the Novelist, with laboured irony, "are you yourself so strong a swimmer as to be exempt from a similar risk?"

"Oh, I can swim all right, thanks," was the cool rejoinder.

"Permit me to remark—so can I," he said. "In fact, I once thought of swimming the Channel."

"Swimming the Channel!" she repeated, raising her little shoulders to look at the speaker with a newly awakened interest. "How splendid! I should just love to do that! Do you really think you *could*?"

"I am pretty sure of it," said the Novelist, with a careless disregard for truth.

"Ah—then you are a professional swimmer," she exclaimed, "like Holbein."

"Nothing of the sort," retorted the Novelist indignantly. "I'm an author."

"What—a person that writes books, do you mean?" demanded the Nymph, swimming a stroke closer to him. "Books that people read?"

"It wouldn't be much use writing books that people *didn't* read, would it?" he answered with some asperity.

"What sort of books?" she persisted. "Story-books and—and novels?"

"Exactly," he answered. "Story-books and—and novels."

"Why, then, you must be a novelist!" she cried in triumph.

"You have positively guessed it," said the novelist gravely. "I am."

The Nymph would have clapped her hands with glee, if she could.

"Oh, that is too lovely for anything," she ejaculated. "Fancy, now, swimming about with a real, proper *Novelist*!"

"Ah—fancy," he agreed. "There are some novelists—I won't name names, mind you—*some*, that could hardly come under the second head of your description. But," he added, "they are mainly lady-novelists."

The Nymph appeared to miss the point of this elaborate indictment, in the sudden enthusiasm of her discovery.

"Really," she went on, "I think that is almost better than being a professional swimmer."

"There are points in common," he remarked. "A novelist must either float on the tide of popular favour, or speedily sink beneath the waves of public oblivion and neglect. It's sink or swim, you see, with both of them!"

"You haven't sunk yet?" she hazarded, directing a swift side-glance at him from her sparkling eyes.

"No, I haven't sunk—yet," he admitted. "But—to continue our simile—the Channel is wide, and he must be a strong swimmer to keep afloat right through to the end."

"Dear me!" observed the Nymph, much impressed with the force of this remark. "I don't think I should attempt it, if I were you."

"Ah," sighed the Novelist, "I fear you misunderstood me. No matter. Let us change the subject; and tell me how it happens that a beautiful nymph so opportunely rises, ahem! like Aphrodite from the foam, just in front of a mere, unsuspecting male swimmer, like myself, on this bright September morning."

"Oh, if you mean *me*—" she began practically.

"I do," said the Novelist.

"Then I merely came to tell you you were trespassing."

"Trespassing!" exclaimed the Novelist in amazement. "Trespassing—in the sea? Why, what do you mean? Does this—er—little strip of water belong—pardon the question, if it appears rude!—but does it belong to *you*? If so, of course I—apologise for my intrusion, you know, I do indeed. But I saw no board up."

"It's quite nice to hear a novelist trying to be funny," remarked the Nymph, as she gracefully topped a billow. "You *were* trying to be funny, weren't you?" she asked, a sudden doubt appearing to assail her on this point.

"No," replied the Novelist. "No—I wasn't *trying*."

"Oh—I am sorry!" she observed, with obvious disappointment. "I must explain, then, that I didn't mean you were trespassing out *here*—but over *there*, where your umbrella is."

"On the beach—ah!" said the Novelist. "I begin to understand. So it is private ground, is it? How very kind of you to swim out all this distance to tell me that."

"Well, it's not exactly private ground," admitted the Nymph conscientiously. "Of course, the foreshore can never be private ground; but I have been in the habit of using that particular place for my own bathing, and nobody else is supposed to come there—don't you see? All the villagers know that. Our house is just on the other side of the cliff—a great big house—perhaps you have noticed it?"

"Then you are the daughter of the lord of the manor," said the Novelist. "At least, that house was pointed out to me as belonging to him; but perhaps—" He paused inquiringly.

"Oh, yes—that's quite right," she replied. "I am papa's daughter."

[Continued overleaf.]

THE M-M-M-M-MAXIM AT THE M-M-M-M-MANŒUVRES.



TROOPER (*derisively, to crew of maxim that has jammed at the critical moment*): Go on, take it 'ome.
It's got an impediment in its speech.

DRAWN BY LIONEL EDWARDS.

"Then all I can say is," retorted the Novelist indignantly, "papa ought to be severely rebuked for allowing you to swim about like this, without—er—without a chaperone."

"He doesn't mind," said the Nymph coolly. "I always do as I like."

"You might get drowned," objected the Novelist.

"I never have been yet!" she answered with conclusive logic. "Besides, there are no currents here, and I only bathe when it's calm."

"I trust," said the Novelist, with grave politeness, "that the sight of my umbrella did not disturb you?"

"Not a bit," she replied cheerfully, changing to a graceful sidestroke, which took her a yard ahead of the Novelist. "I moved it," she added, looking over her shoulder, "and your clothes and things, too."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Novelist, plunging forward. "My dear young lady—"

"Oh, it's all right!" she assured him. "You'll find them just round the corner—on the other side of the cliff. Then I stuck up my own tent and swam out to tell you."

"Extremely kind and thoughtful of you," murmured the Novelist, who was getting a little out of breath with the effort to keep up with the Nymph, who seemed to glide through the waves like some beautiful mermaid, her round white arm flashing in the sunlight, as it rose and fell with each stroke.

"Don't mention it," she said. "And what are *you* doing here?" she added with polite inquiry.

"Here?" repeated the Novelist. "Swimming."

"Yes, of course. But I mean in the village. I don't think I've seen you before."

"I only arrived yesterday. You must pardon the informality of our introduction—my name is Arkwright. No doubt you have heard it."

"Arkwright?" she echoed. "No—I never heard it. Mine is Phyllis. But, of course, you have heard *that*? Everybody has."

"Such is literary fame!" sighed the Novelist. "Yes—I have heard yours. A most charming name. Phyllis!"

"Yes, that's it. My other name isn't so nice—at least, I don't think so, do you? It's Blake."

"A good old English name," said the Novelist. "But I agree with you that it isn't so—er—so, shall we say, musical, as some—for example, as Arkwright—"

"No," said the Nymph, weighing the respective merits of the two names conscientiously between her strokes. "I don't think it is. 'Arkwright' is rather pretty. 'Phyllis Arkwright.' Yes, that seems to sound better."

"I am sure it does!" agreed the Novelist with conviction. "Sir Thomas Blake's daughter," he added to himself; "and he has ten thousand a year! *Much* better!" he said aloud. "Ever so much."

The Nymph took at least six strokes without speaking again, while the Novelist tried to recover his breath; then she said, reverting with calm persistence to her original question—

"But what made you come down here?"

"I came for change of air and quiet," explained the Novelist. "I am gathering material, you see, for a new novel."

"Oh, do gather a good lot!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "And you'll put *me* into it, won't you? I mean, into your new novel. I think I should rather love to be put into a novel, you know!"

"Then," said the Novelist, with decision, "I'll put you in. I will make a point of putting you in. And I'll say how we met and everything—shall I?"

"Yes, that wouldn't be bad fun," she agreed. "And you might mention about your umbrella, and trespassers, you know—just as a kind of warning to other people."

"Consider it done!" said the Novelist firmly. "I will write a little story about nothing else, and as soon as it is printed you shall read it!"

"Thanks, very much; it's very kind of you," replied the Nymph. "Now, do you mind just treading water to see if you can touch the bottom? We're pretty close in."

The Novelist obeyed, feeling carefully with the tips of his toes as he did so.

"No," he said, "I can't."

The Nymph took a dozen more rapid strokes, and then poised herself gently upright, with her glistening arms clasped above her head.

"There!" she remarked, smiling back at him. "It's shallow enough for you to stand here. I thought so."

"But I don't want to stand!" protested the Novelist.

"You must," said the Nymph, "while I wade to shore."

"Oh—if you put it in the form of a command," replied the Novelist, suddenly balancing himself breast-high in the water, and crossing his arms upon his chest, while he surveyed her in leisurely admiration.

The Nymph swayed gracefully backwards and forwards on the waves, like some exquisite water-lily, as she too gazed at him a moment, approvingly.

"You must be pretty tall," she remarked. "The water would almost come up to my neck there!"

"Just six feet," he explained. "By Jove, what a beautiful girl you are!"

His glance dwelt for the first time, in a steady and uninterrupted scrutiny, upon the glowing young face of the Nymph, with its wide blue eyes, its red lips parted, as her breath came in a quick succession of little gasps, making the outline of her small bosom, just discernible beneath her bathing-dress, rise and fall with the daintiest undulations; its little provoking nose, and rounded chin, and the stray curls that clung round the white brow—the Novelist's glance dwelt on this picture of girlish loveliness, and the exclamation escaped him involuntarily.

"What a beautiful girl!" he repeated half to himself.

She nodded her head at him with a little laugh of extreme satisfaction.

"I am so glad you think so!" she remarked. "I should simply hate to be ugly. You're not bad looking yourself," she added, as a kind of after-thought—"for a man."

"I'm afraid," said the Novelist, colouring slightly at this naïve interchange of personalities, "you see me at a trifling disadvantage. Do you think your father would allow me, perhaps, to call and renew our acquaintance—so delightfully made—in a more—er—regular way?"

"You can call if you like," rejoined the Nymph amiably. "Papa is always glad to see my friends."

"Ah!—then I may consider myself your friend?" he asked, not feeling quite so sanguine on the subject of Sir Thomas Blake's cordiality as the Nymph appeared to be.

"Certainly you may. That is—if you promise to put me in a book and say nice things about me," she replied.

"I promise," said the Novelist.

"Honest Injun?"

"Honest—? I beg—oh, yes! 'Honest Injun.' Certainly. Of course."

"All right. Now I'm off. So please just turn round and look the other way."

"Eh?" said the Novelist.

"I'm going to wade to the shore," she repeated with laborious explicitness. "I can't have you staring at me when I've got hardly anything on. It wouldn't be nice—"

"On the contrary," expostulated the Novelist, "nothing could be—"

She cut him short with a peremptory gesture.

"Turn round and look at the lightship over there," she commanded.

"I can't see a lightship," protested the Novelist.

"Well, go on looking till you do see it," replied the Nymph encouragingly. "It's there. And mind," she added, "you don't turn your head till I call out to you from my tent."

"That's mighty fine," remonstrated the Novelist; "but how about my umbrella and—clothes and things?"

"Oh," said the Nymph, pausing an instant, waist deep in the waves, "they're all right, I expect—unless anybody has meddled with them."

"Good Lord!" said the Novelist, aghast. "And supposing somebody *has* meddled with them? I can't stroll up to the village like this! I have less on than you have."

"I tell you what," said the Nymph, with the air of having satisfactorily solved a problem, "if anybody has gone off with your clothes, I'll let you sit in my tent while I go back to the house and send you up an old suit of papa's."

"You overwhelm me," said the Novelist. "Don't you think you could make it a new one?"

But the Nymph had already started towards the beach, and he could hear her little legs plashing daintily through the shallow water as she ran on. The Novelist instinctively turned his head, and at the same instant the Nymph, for some reason, paused in her flight and turned too.

A moment later she had sat down in the water, with the grace and promptitude which is exhibited by that singular official, the Lord High Executioner, in the ingenious opera "The Mikado." Only her head appeared above the surface.

"You're not playing fair!" she called out to him in clear, indignant tones. "Turn round, or I won't send you any clothes."

"I—I'm very sorry!" shouted back the Novelist over his shoulder. "But a—wave slewed me round. Look sharp and get to your tent, or I dare not swear another wave won't repeat the process—"

The Nymph rose and sped like a deer through the surf and across the shingle. Then a silvery "Cooee!" came floating to the Novelist's ears, and he turned round again. He could just perceive the Nymph's head framed in the narrow canvas aperture of the tiny tent, scarcely bigger than his own umbrella, and standing, indeed, precisely where his own umbrella had stood when he last saw it.

"Swim round to the other side of the cliff," called the Nymph. "You'll find your things there all right!" and without another word the head disappeared inside the tent.

When the Novelist was dressed, he hurried round the shoulder of rock which divided him from the tent; but both tent and Nymph had vanished.

"By Gad!" he exclaimed, "if the little witch didn't come down to the beach in her bathing-costume and a shawl!"

Then, as he slowly walked away, he found himself wondering what sort of man Sir Thomas Blake was.

THE END.

HOLIDAY BOUNDERS.—No. V.



THE PARTY PET.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

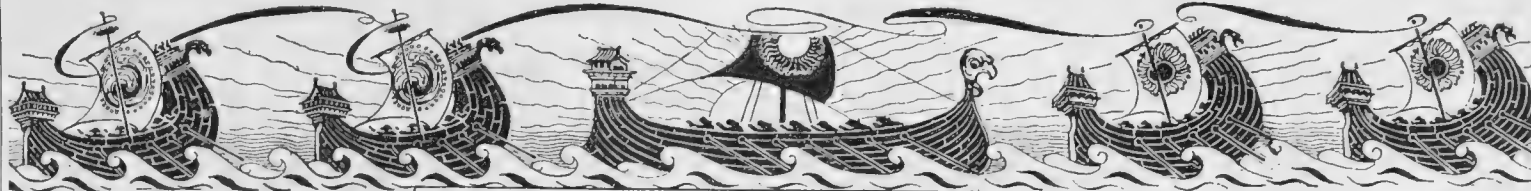
IF MEN WERE THE SIZE OF INSECTS :

A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING LIFE WITH POSITIONS REVERSED.



ADVANCING ON HIS PREY: THE HUMAN FLY CAUGHT IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

(A Continuation of the Series begun last Week.)



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE dramatic Monte Carlo trunk crime brings to the front once more the extraordinary prevalence, both here and abroad, of sham titles. A glance at any baronetage would, of course, have at once disposed of "Sir" Vere Goold's assumption of his elder brother's dignities; but in his case there was, at least, something to go upon, and, confronted with the "damning page," the plausible Irishman could always have replied, "But my elder brother, who was a baronet, is dead." What are we to think, however, of those members of the New York "four hundred," who were deluded by the wiles of an adventuress claiming to be the late Lord Ilchester's daughter; when not only any book of reference, but the Society papers in which Americans so delight, publish on every possible occasion the fact that the late owner of historic Holland House had but one daughter—the young lady who some years ago became Lady Muriel Digby. It must be admitted that while foreigners show themselves thus gullible, we in England are not much wiser. According to the humane laws of the great French Republic, any Frenchman has a right to assume the title that best pleases him, and only when he is married, or signing a legal document, is he compelled, often, it may be whispered, to his great mortification and surprise, to give the plain, unvarnished cognomen with which he was born. It is a matter of common knowledge that more than one maiden of high degree has exchanged her own good English patronymic for that of a foreign "Count" or "Baron," whose title was of his own creation!



AN ASTRONOMER WHOSE HAIR IS USED AS PILLOW-STUFFING: M. FLAMMARION.

Mme. Flammarion, wife of the distinguished French astronomer, is not well disposed to the knight of the shears, and prefers to cut her husband's hair herself. She uses the cuttings for stuffing pillows. A number of these are in her home in Paris.

Photograph by Exclusive Agency.

Byng, who have played such a part in our annals, comes of age, and there will be rejoicings in Kent, where the youthful peer is deservedly popular. Lord Torrington is an old Etonian, and when a schoolboy was often at Windsor Castle, for he was page successively to Queen Victoria and to King Edward. Like his father before him he is in the Army, and last year he passed out of Sandhurst with honours. He now takes his place among eligible bachelors. His mother, whose only child he is, acts as hostess of his Kent home, Yotes Court, Mereworth.

Bearded Men and Women.

Men of the pointed beard have formed themselves into a society in France. They meet once a month and eat a dinner, and at that dinner there is a feast of reason and a flow of soul. Pointed bearded men are particularly gay, it seems, and, being so, achieve a great success in literature and the arts. There is more than one renowned

writer amongst them, not to speak of those whose "forte" is the creation of the beautiful in paint or stone. But if to be well-bearded is to inspire joy in a man, it in no wise applies to the other sex. Bearded women are on the increase in France, and they are generally pretty sorry for themselves, unless they make money out of it. Once the bearded lady was quite a rare bird; to-day her name is legion. Is it another symptom of "Féminisme"? It is curious that, whilst so many men, even in France, the country of the pointed beards, elect to be smooth-faced, those of the gentler sex, without electing it, have hirsute tendencies. Nature takes strange revenges.



LADY IRONWORKER TO THE KING: MME. CHRIEDO.

According to the "Tageblatt," the King found time during his stay at Ischl to visit the Art Iron Works run by Mme. Chriedo. His Majesty bought a number of small articles, ordered three lamps and a fire-screen for Sandringham, and appointed Mme. Chriedo lady iron-worker to himself.

known to fail once or twice in the history of the race. At worst, some of the most alarming come only partly true. That staggering prophecy of an Italian father, who predicted his own death and that of the Pope, came but partly true. The monk it was that died. However, forewarned is fore-armed. For the sake of letters, to say nothing of the feelings of his relatives, Signor d'Annunzio must be careful

Living His Own Tragedy.

Gabriele d'Annunzio fares forth in his racing motor-car, crying "Kismet." A seeress has cast the Italian poet's horoscope, and with a resignation truly Oriental in its completeness, he answers, "So let it be." In the cheerful belief that it does not much matter, apparently, he has made his will in full consonance with the prophecy. He is not to die until a certain day in 1909, when, according to this Mephistopheles in petticoats, he will fall to the dagger of a jealous lover. Predictions have been



THE POET WHO IS TO DRIVE A RACING-CAR: GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, who has made up his mind to drive a motor-car at eighty miles an hour or so, is convinced that no harm will come of his attempt. It has been prophesied that he will be stabbed by a jealous lover on a certain day in 1909, and it is said that d'Annunzio firmly believes this.

Photograph by Lieure.

The Cripples' Trade Union.

The cripples have started a trade union in France. The object of the new society is to repress fraud and to protect the charitable. The organisers are two one-legged men. They have two left legs between them, and these limbs, with their two wooden companions, went bravely stumping the country in the interests of all honest cripples. One of the tenets of the union is that every member of it should be French born. "Our frauds—the bandaged legs, the hired families, and the rest of it—are made in Germany for the most part," say the president and secretary, the two wooden-legged men referred to. They propose a deputation to the Premier to set forth their grievances, and to bear witness to their loyalty to France. But for the moment M. Clemenceau seems to prefer to speak with kings at Marienbad, rather than entertain the crippled citizens of his country, who claim that charity should begin at home and not extend to foreigners.



THE LIARS' ACADEMY: A CANDIDATE KISSING THE TRUTH STONE.

Among the numerous freak clubs of France is the Liars' Academy, which was founded in the eighteenth century. Candidates have to pass a strict examination, and must also kiss the truth stone, as here shown.

KEY-NOTES

A FOREIGN critic who chanced to be present at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concert when Sir Edward Elgar's fourth "Pomp and Circumstance" march was given for the first time, a few nights ago, might have been pardoned had the reception roused him to sarcasm. Some six years ago the popular March No. 2 (in D) was given under similar circumstances, and the public that supports the Promenade Concerts doubtless recognises the compliment paid by the composer to his London admirers in producing the fourth of the series in the same place and at the same season. Yet, and after granting that the fourth "Pomp and Circumstance" march (in G) is effective and stirring enough, its reception and its merits did not go well together. Had some English composer arisen and given us the grand opera for which we are said to be waiting, there could hardly have been more applause and enthusiasm. In fact, had Mr. Wood not resolved to triumph over the situation rather than in it, there would have been great difficulty in avoiding an encore. The trio is safe to be very popular, for the melody is one that flatters the memory, and the whole march, scored as it is for large orchestra, and closing with an urgent call upon the services of the percussion instruments, is a stirring production, full of the joy of life, and appealing to the most flamboyant mood. Certainly Sir Edward Elgar's new work seemed to receive more applause than any other item in a programme that included Richard Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" and the Prelude to "Lohengrin." It is dedicated to Dr. Robertson Sinclair, who has done so much for music in Hereford.

It is impossible to overlook the close of the season of Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy, for the scenes that followed the fall of the curtain must have convinced those who were spectators rather than participants that if composer and librettist were working in our midst to-day the reception accorded to their joint efforts would hardly be less enthusiastic than it was in the 'eighties. The old companies are no more and—why deny it?—much of the old sparkle has gone from the performances; but the operas themselves remain to show the high-water mark of British achievement, and the fashion in which people cling to them might well point a way to enterprising managers who need not be named. Where is the ordinary musical comedy of the Gaiety, Daly's, the Apollo, and the rest that, buried once, men want dug up again? It would seem that the best work is the most popular work, and though some of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are becoming middle-aged we must continue to welcome them just as we continue to applaud the singer or actor as much for what he has been as for what he is.

By far the greater number of the players engaged in Mr. Norfolk Megone's orchestra, which has just opened the season at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, belong to the London Symphony Orchestra.

This fact augurs well for the quality of the concerts. We cannot forget autumns at Eastbourne when the music at Devonshire Park has been open to the harshest criticism. It is an unfortunate fact that few of those who preside over seaside orchestras will take Wolsey's advice to Cromwell. Tone and rhythm, and the significance of masterpieces they will dispense with cheerfully, but they cling to ambition. Quite unprejudiced by the limitations of the players they affect to control, quite undisturbed by their own lack of capacity to interpret great music, the seaside conductors plunge gaily into ventures from which better men would shrink. Nothing is sacred to them. The greater the masterpiece the more gaily will they move to its interpretation. A simple section of the puzzled audience listens amazed, bewildered, and bored to the depths, and decides finally that the awful sounds produced must belong of right to classical music, and that such music must be barred in future. We have heard both Wagner and Beethoven condemned in town on the strength—or weakness—of performances heard at the seaside. If the conductor would only limit his programme to the capacity of his instrumentalists, we might hear second-rate music performed in almost first-class fashion; as it is, one must be content all too often at the seaside with first-class music given in fifth-rate style.

From grouse-shooting and deer-stalking to music is a far cry, but it is to be remarked that the growth of the national taste for music has led to a considerable demand for pianos in remote corners of the Highlands, where never anything more musical than bagpipes had been heard from time immemorial until a few years ago. The writer can remember a curious experience at a Highland shooting-box some sixteen miles from rail-head. One night, after a very exciting grouse-drive, one of the ladies of the house-party was playing a piano that had only arrived from Glasgow in the afternoon. The drawing-room opened upon the garden, and before the music had been heard for half an hour, a strange audience had gathered by the shrubbery, Gardener, gillies, servants, the children from the shepherd's cot-hut, and two old plaid-clad shepherds had gathered there for silent appreciation, and when the music was over they disappeared into the gathering mist as though they had been the ghosts of dead and forgotten pipers tempted to revisit the scene of their awful exploits.

There is a good story of an English sportsman who sent a piano up to his shooting-box with instructions to his Highland gamekeeper to receive the precious instrument and dispose it safely. He himself arrived a few days later, and was met by his faithful retainer. "By the way, Donald," he said, "did the piano arrive all right?" "Aw, weel," replied the gamekeeper, "she slipped when she was coming tae the hoose, an' broke some of her front teeth, but I think she's nae really hurt." COMMON CHORD.



MRS. HENRY J. WOOD, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE PRINCESS SOPHIE OUDOUSSOFF.

Mrs. Henry J. Wood, the popular singer, wife of the well-known conductor, was born in Odessa. She began to study singing as an amateur with her future husband in 1895, and two years later she decided to become a professional singer. She was married to Mr. Henry J. Wood in the following year.



A BAND WITH BUT ONE INSTRUMENT: NATIVES PLAYING ON A GIGANTIC XYLOPHONE ON THE OCCASION OF A WAR-DANCE.

Photograph by Lazarus, Lourenço Marques.

gamekeeper to receive the precious instrument and dispose it safely. He himself arrived a few days later, and was met by his faithful retainer. "By the way, Donald," he said, "did the piano arrive all right?" "Aw, weel," replied the gamekeeper, "she slipped when she was coming tae the hoose, an' broke some of her front teeth, but I think she's nae really hurt." COMMON CHORD.



THE COMMERCIAL VEHICLE TRIALS: A SEARCHING AND ILLUMINATING TEST—OPEN EXHAUSTS: AN ABOMINATION—WHEN THE EVENING SUN IS LOW: MORE POWER!—ALL-BRITISH CARS. ALL-BRITISH TYRED!

THE Commercial Vehicle Trials, which begin on the 9th, cannot, of course, have as much interest for the readers of this column as trials of pleasure vehicles; but nevertheless they are of immense importance to the industry, and, as trials, have been lamentably delayed. Many firms well-known in connection with the building of pleasure cars are represented, and the experience gained in the construction of such cars should enable them to make a good show, and do well with the vehicles they have entered. The trials will take the form of a tour passing through the chief commercial centres of England, and possibly Scotland, and will be conducted on the lines of the Royal Automobile Club's famous 1000-Miles Motor Vehicle Trial of 1900. The entrants are divided into seven classes, capable of transporting loads from half-a-ton to six tons, and the daily trips will vary from thirty to seventy miles. The awards will be determined by the judges, who will take into consideration the selling prices and the performances of the various vehicles in regard to accessibility, adequacy of platform area, and convenience for loading; adhesion, loaded or light, ease of manipulation, finish and workmanship, freedom from nuisance to the public—e.g., smoke—general appearance, brakes, condition after trial, cost of carriage per net ton (including cost of lubricants, fuel, etc.), cleanliness, hill-climbing, manoeuvring, quiet running, repairs and replacements, springing, and steering-gear. The trials will be closely watched by War Office officials, and a diploma will be awarded to the vehicle considered most likely to be of service to the Army.

There is no doubt that open exhausts are a public nuisance and should be prohibited. They are only employed by the young and thoughtless, probably from some mistaken idea that thereby more power is obtained from the engine, which, after all, is only the case when the engine is improperly designed as to valve and exhaust-pipe apertures or the silencer is of faulty design. With the young driver there is, no doubt, some absurd impression as to crack driving, coupled with a callow affection of noise, particularly to be discouraged. As it is known that a properly designed silencer should tend to increase the engine efficiency rather than to reduce it, the use of an open exhaust condemns both car and driver. Motorists should do everything possible to discourage the practice, for if it be persisted in, there is little doubt that restrictive measures with regard to exhausts and visible vapour will appear in the new Motor Bill. Even those one would presume to be most

interested are at times woefully short-sighted to their own and the general good.

Whatever may be alleged to the contrary, and I see that contradictory statements are made here and there, there is no doubt whatever that the petrol internal-combustion engine, as employed in connection with the modern motor-car, does assuredly pull better after sundown. I make no pretence of explaining the phenomenon, save that it cannot be due altogether to a drop in temperature, for the effect obtains, even with a rise of temperature. Nor is the impression of better performance produced on the driver because of darkness veiling the difficulties of the road, as after sundown in the summer-time there are two or more hours of daylight left, and yet the increased efficiency is experienced. Some assert that the increased humidity of the air is responsible for the added power, but if so, I have never heard of anyone attempting to reproduce artificially in the daytime the evening conditions. Of course, it is well known that minute injections of water into a cylinder with the explosive charge have been found to increase power, and herein may reside the truth of the added evening power of a car motor. Yet such an increase is not noticeable in the day hours of a wet day, which one would think it should be if humidity has anything to do with the phenomenon.

The car-owner who is keen for an all-British car need have no hesitation with regard to tyres of native manufacture, even when he desires steel-armoured non-skidding treads. I have lately been afforded an opportunity of examining a pair of Dunlop non-skids that have been doing hard duty in and out of London on a 30 cwt. car since the beginning of the year, and am more than impressed by the wonderful manner in which they have stood so much hard work. When the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company first introduced their studded unleathered tyre it was very generally suggested that the

steel studs could not be expected to hold on the rubber tread, and that the life of such a cover would be a very short one. Contrary to such foreboding, the very reverse has proved to be the case in innumerable instances. The steel rivets, not being so rigidly held as when set in leather treads, do not tear out or break off with anything like the frequency of the latter, but wear down consistently, flush with the rubber surface, when the cover is ready to take another armoured tread. There is no better or safer tyre combination for cars than Dunlop steel-studded covers to the back, and Dunlop cross-cut plain covers to the steering wheels.

G.W.R.
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JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

BRITAIN SEEKING THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR: A POSTER DESIGNED TO ATTRACT AMERICANS AND COUNTRY COUSINS.

With its customary enterprise the Great Western Railway has made arrangements by which a "sight-seeing car" takes a bi-weekly tour round London, starting from Paddington. It will be noticed that, for the benefit of Americans, the price of the ride is quoted both in English and American money.—[Photograph by Topical Press.]



IN PLACE OF THE CHAR-A-BANC: SEEING LONDON BY MOTOR-CAR.—
THE "BUS" TAKING UP PASSENGERS AT PADDINGTON STATION.

The "sight-seeing car" illustrated is evidently destined to become popular, not only among Americans, but among the many other foreigners visiting our shores, and by country cousins.—[Photograph by Topical Press.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

FUTURE EVENTS—JOCKEYS—RECRUITS.

THE St. Leger will be run on the 10th, and Messrs. Weatherby generally arrange that the acceptances for the autumn handicaps shall be known at Doncaster half an hour before the "Sellinger" is started. With regard to the St. Leger, I think the race, on paper, looks a perfect gift for Woolwinder, who, we may take it for granted, can stay every yard of the distance. My information says that the colt was very unfortunate in being beaten in the Derby. He is as fit as he can be made, and he is a smasher. Glass Doll may run well, and the French colt, Roi Herode, is said to be fancied, but he is not a first-rater. I am now of the opinion that it will be a one-horse race. The weights for the autumn handicaps are due in a day or two, but already the Continental agents have driven a roaring trade in many little doubles, which, like the Limerick craze, seem to be always with us. I was told of one plunger who took £5000 to £5 about two horses before the entries came out, and both animals have been nominated. I refer to The White Knight for the Cesarewitch, and Slieve Gallion for the Cambridgeshire. Many people declare the first-named would have won the race last year had he been started; but the handicappers have learned something since then, and it may be that he will have to carry a prohibitive weight this time—that is if he be started. Slieve Gallion is a good horse at a mile—in fact, one of the very best—and if not overweighted he should go very close for the shorter race. One of the Continental agents told me recently that a favourite double was the two horses owned by the King—namely, Perambulator for the Cesarewitch and Slim Lad for the Cambridgeshire. Much as I should like to see the royal colours to the fore in big handicaps, I could not honestly advise the backing of the two horses named, as I am afraid they are a little deficient in class. The men of observation at Newmarket say that Gilpin's stable will be dangerous in the long race and C. Peck's in the Cambridgeshire; but the book tells us that country-trained horses generally capture the big handicaps at the headquarters of the Turf.

We have some good jockeys riding at the present time, but there are others. I am very sorry to hear that one or two otherwise capable riders take more wine than is good for them on occasion, and this may account for the erratic displays they give us in the saddle at times. Seeing that so much depends on the jockey I think the time has arrived when owners should insist on men who drink to excess becoming strict total abstainers. In

the old days there was a North Country jockey, whose name I will not mention, but who was known to all race-goers. He was the only rider I ever heard of who could do better drunk than sober. A story went the rounds some years back of a certain big race in which he was engaged, and which, by the bye, was won by a horse that had not an earthly chance on the book. The winning division were supposed to have got at several jockeys in the race, but the North Country rider was not approachable in that way, so they put a friend on to ply him with plenty of champagne. He rode the race of his life, and was only beaten a neck in a desperate finish, and the animal he was on had, according to the ordinary student of book form, quite 14 lb. too much to carry! This was the jockey who once saw half-a-dozen winning posts; but he managed to get past the right one in front of his opponents. Doped horses are bad enough, but we cannot tolerate doped jockeys nowadays, and those riders unable to practice moderation in their living should be compelled either to sign the pledge or to keep out of the saddle. Drunken jockeys are the cause of a lot of foul riding, which may result in terrible accidents sooner or later. Further, a fuddled jockey is liable to give the lie direct to the book, and thereby lead backers astray. Owners should do their duty fearlessly in this matter.

Since Mr. Croker won the Derby with Orby, rumours have been rife as to several

Yan-
k-e-e
mil-
lion-

aires who, it is alleged, are intent upon trying to follow suit. Mr. "Bet-a-million" Gates has been in this country for a few days, and it is already hinted that he intends to try and win our Blue Ribbon of the Turf. Mr. Lorillard succeeded with Iroquois, and Mr. Whitney was fortunate enough to win with Volodyovsky; but the latter, it should be added, actually belonged to Lady Meux, and was only leased for his racing engagements. There are no end of English owners who have spent thousands in trying to win the Derby and have not succeeded, while there are others, like the Duke of Portland and Lord Rosebery, who have tasted the sweets of victory on more than one occasion. It is not for mortals to command success on the Turf, and the wag who said that all were equal on and under the Turf, evidently knew something. All the same, good sportsmen should at all times welcome healthy competition, and with regard to the American millionaires I say, "Let 'em all come!"

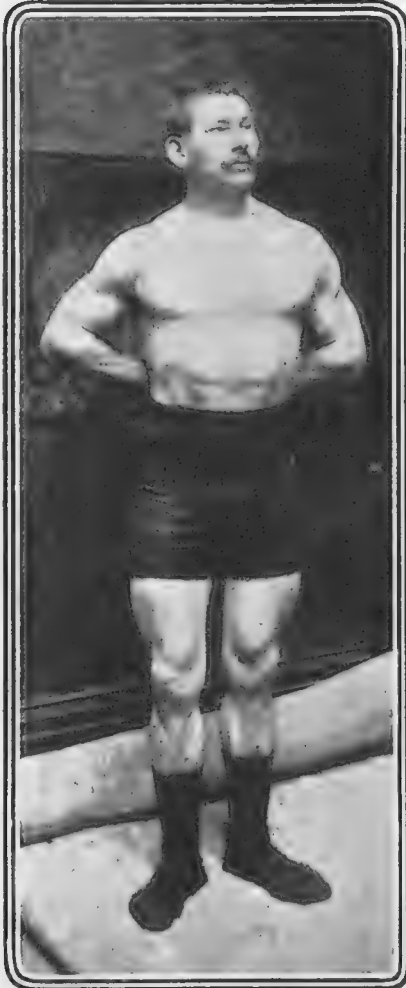
CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



A RUSSIAN ACTRESS WHOSE EQUINE NAME-
SAKE WAS MUCH BACKED IN RUSSIA.
MLLE. GALVANI.

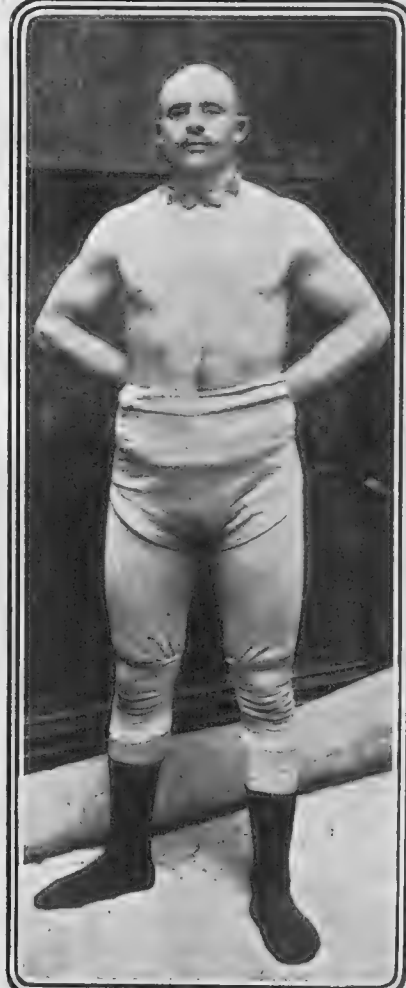
From St. Petersburg comes an interesting item of gossip. It would seem that many Russian sportsmen backed Galvani, not only for the Derby but for all his subsequent races, for the reason that he bore the name of one of Russia's most popular singers and actresses, Mlle. Galvani—quite sufficient reason for the average sportsman, who is nothing if not superstitious.



A WRESTLER WHO HAS CHALLENGED
THE WORLD: OSCAR SCHNEIDER.

Schneider is one of the finest wrestlers in Germany, and is challenging the world. He weighs about 14 stone.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



A WRESTLER WHO HAS CHALLENGED
THE WORLD: MAMET SALI.

Mamet Sali is one of the two finest wrestlers in Macedonia, and he has come to England to challenge all comers. Hackenschmidt preferred.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Town Without Trippers.

We go up and down the world, seeking, like wild beasts, for new countries to devour, yet how seldom we go to Sweden. One of the few cities in Europe which has not been vulgarised by tourists is Stockholm, which is equally free from the uproarious Teuton, the hustling American, and the morose Briton. A man (or a woman, for that matter) can spend a worse holiday than in the capital of Sweden. Both together can have as agreeable a time—chiefly in the open air—as anyone can desire. Some cities—such as Paris and Buda-Pesth—seem designed chiefly to amuse men; others—like London and New York—appeal particularly to women; but the Swedes are a pleasant, gregarious folk, much given to dining in restaurants, supping out, and sitting in illuminated music-gardens of an evening, where they sip beer or Swedish punch in the society of ladies of their own class. Hence, there is much animation by night and a continual coming and going between the various music-halls and gardens, three or four of which you can visit during an evening. Some of these being situated on islands, it is

a pleasing plan to charter a tiny steamer for a few hours and make the tour. If the summer night is chilly, you will be presented with a blanket of scarlet cloth on entering one of the gardens, and you need make no ado about putting it on, for everyone around you will be bravely draped in crimson, including the entire orchestra. Moreover, at the Restaurant de l'Opéra, close to the Royal Palace, one fares as well as in Paris or London, while tea on the roof, with a view right down the fjord, is an experience to cherish.

The Fascination of Prague.

Again, those travellers who like to

composed of students) pour in a continuous stream. It boasts, too, an excellent Opera House, where Czech operas, like those of Smetana, are played in the vernacular; while on the island of Sophia, in mid-Moldan, there is an excellent restaurant, where it is the mode to dine and sup with an accompaniment of fiddles and a blaze of coloured lights. But the crown and beauty of the Bohemian capital is its Kremlin, called in Czech the Hradschin, which dominates the town with its spires and battlements. One of the travel pictures indelibly etched upon my memory is a panorama of Prague and its Hradschin, viewed from a private garden on a hillside, across a foreground of tall, stately, whitelilies.

The Cult of the Hideous.

A fellow-contributor to *The Sketch* has been denouncing (elsewhere) the bad taste of women in dress. We all cultivate the hideous (he declares), but it is the ladies, he thinks, who are the worst offenders, for they "rush into five or six shops, hastily snap up some 'bar-gains,' and then piece them together in some sort of fashion." I wonder! But even if this accusation be true, we may be sure that these sinners are not consciously cultivating the hideous. On the contrary, they are exercising the primordial instinct of woman to beautify herself, and, no doubt, are convinced, like the Papuan élégante in her waistbelt of shells, that they are cutting no end of a figure in the eyes of admiring contemporaries. The real worshippers of the ugly to-day are the modern school of painters, especially the gifted few who are known as the New English Art Club. For Mr. Orpen and Mr. Rothenstein and their fellows depict nothing on their canvases which does not appertain to mid-Victorian times, either in dress, ornaments, furniture, or decorations. They riot in horse-hair sofas, green rep-walnut chairs, scarlet table-cloths, crinolines, shawls, parted hair, flat lace-collars, and cameo brooches. It is conceivable that a beautiful model might still be paintable with all these depressing accessories, but this school abjures the pretty face as much as a graceful drapery or an agreeable colour. Pictures of this school depend entirely on lighting, on "values," and on technique, and not on the beauties of colour and line. In short, these talented painters frankly cultivate the hideous.

Minxes in Fleet Street.

Though the adventures of well-brought-up girls in the army of journalists (an army in which every office boy, so to speak, carries an editor's bâton in his knapsack) seldom interest the general public, authors persist in making these scribbling damsels into heroines of books. Yet they are not often successful in this rôle. The public likes a saint or a sinner, a duchess or an actress, but the journalistic young person leaves it profoundly indifferent. It is in vain that your modern novelist makes his literary heroine more than a bit of a minx—one who, with malice aforethought, goes out to slay sub-editors in her most captivating hat; she may wing critics and reporters by the dozen, but she will never bring down the casual male reader. This is chiefly because the general public seldom realise how much women have to do with modern newspapers. The Fleet Street minx remains an abnormal—almost an apochryphal—being:



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING HAT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A SMART OUTDOOR GOWN AT ERNEST, LIMITED, REGENT STREET, W.

get away from the ubiquitous tourist should go to Prague, perhaps the most picturesque capital in all Europe. For Prague is a Slav city, with a Kremlin of its own on one of its seven hills, and with a wide and swift river spanned by bridges of extraordinary beauty, across which the population (chiefly

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

ONCE more there are many women of fashion in the West End. The house-party season is synonymous with partridge-shooting, which began in England with the month. This year the smarter parties for shooting will not assemble just yet, because, owing to the lateness of this inclement year, the harvest is late, and until it is all in there can be no satisfactory shooting of the nimble partridge. All the same, preparations are afoot for house-parties—the form of hospitality most prolific of the familiar fixture known as “A marriage has been arranged.” There is, perhaps, no outfit on which a woman bestows more care and thought than that for her autumn visits. These are far different from those made to Scotch shooting lodges, where sport is real sport in earnest, and there is neither time to admire nor facility to don elaborate dress. The transit to and from many of these lodges is so difficult as to forbid the bringing of any but necessary luggage, the space in them too restricted to admit of the attendance of maids. Therefore, so far as women are concerned, the grouse-shooting, deer-stalking, and salmon-fishing season visits mean a return to the simple life as regards dress. For this reason such visits are frequently strenuously avoided by the greatest lovers of dress.

Not so the partridge and pheasant shooting parties. Next month, when the two can be amalgamated, these will be very plentiful all over the land. The sport is far less exacting than that in the north. Men shoot for the best part of the day two or three times a week. They have lots of time at the disposal of ladies, and are not too weary in the evenings for social amenities, as they often are in the North. There is no time when a woman looks better; she has recouped after the gaiety and strain of the season, and the time of year suits her. Consequently dress is a matter of much moment. That for those who go out with the guns must be neat and light. Shantung silk, so popular through the season, will be favoured by many. One of its virtues is the subtle tones it takes in almost every colour. Some of these, such as lake-crimson, dead-leaf brown, ashen-red, and deep burnt-straw colour will look singularly well over the stubble and through the turnips. A dress of the first-named colour was made with a short skirt fitting quite tightly over the hips and full from the knees down. There was a deep hem of stitching, and on it a design in Greek pattern of black glacé strapping. There is a short coat to match, with revers turned back, with strapping narrower than that on the hem, and the sleeves have cuffs of it. The coat was to the waist and tightly fitting at the back, finished with the Greek key pattern in black strapping. Under it was a shirt of pure white China silk, made quite plainly. Under the turned-down collar was a bow of black crepe-de-Chine, and a sash of the same material and colour was wound round the waist, tied at the left side, and allowed to fall on the skirt with fringed ends. The headgear was a little flat cap of lake-red shaded Shantung closely stitched all round the brim. It had no other trimming than a scarf of deep lake-red soft silk tied in a bow at one side. It is destined for an extremely pretty and very smart lady, who does not shoot but enjoys a walk with the guns.

For a woman who shoots—and there are twenty who do at partridges and pheasants for one who does at grouse and deer—a charming costume is in thick deep-red drill. The skirt is quite tight and stitched with strappings over each seam to below the hips, where it is cleverly arranged in a series of close pleats that show only as the wearer walks. The coat is Norfolk shape with a pleat down each side of the front and one at the back. Through these at the waist is passed a wide belt of deep red-brown patent leather. In front the right shoulder has a stock-rest piece of red brown soft leather let in. The fronts of the coat are slightly open, showing a white blouse of thin canvas embroidered in red and brown in Russia stitch. The hat is of burnt straw, almost Tyrolean in shape, with a band of soft brown silk and a double curled coque-feather in red and brown at the left side.

White gloves are little seen nowadays except on men in evening dress. Women use beige shades and pearl and silver greys much more; they go admirably with almost any evening costume, and

also with day dresses, which now require gloves as long as those for evening. The fashion for pale-beige and grey shades affects the price, nearly double being asked for these in the Paris shops. Suede is more in favour than kid, being considered becoming to the hand in a greater degree. An attempt was made to revive bright-coloured gloves, with the result that, at the sales, green, red, and mauve kid and suede gloves could be acquired for a shilling a pair, and even at that price they hung fire!

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are at Dunrobin Castle, where this week the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Duke and Duchess of Scania, with Princess Patricia of Connaught, are visiting them. The occasion is being used for a bazaar, to be opened by their Royal Highnesses to-day (Wednesday) and by the Duchess of Portland to-morrow (Thursday), at Dunrobin Castle, in aid of a loan fund to give boys leaving the Technical Schools loans of money to keep them during apprenticeship. The Duchess of Sutherland is regarded throughout Sutherlandshire as a special agent of Providence by the poor crofters, fisher-folk, and workers. She is a clever and practical woman, and spares no effort to help poor people to help themselves. Dunrobin is a splendid pile—a mixture of an old Scottish castle and a French château. The castle bore a part in the troubled history of '45, when one Sutherland fought for the Hanoverians, and his kinsman, Earl of Cromartie, for the Pretender. The latter took Dunrobin by surprise tactics.

A delightful example of an early autumn dress made by no less skilled a maker than Ernest, of Regent Street, and therefore absolutely in the latest style and best taste, will be found illustrated on “Woman's Ways” page. It is made of purple cloth and trimmed with wide, coarse silk braid. The collar, waistcoat, and cuffs are of white velvet embroidered with pansies in shades of purple, and finished with braid ornaments. The hat of purple straw is trimmed with leaves and tulle of the same colour.

The inevitable sequel to the summer holidays is the necessity for a complete new outfit of clothes for every boy who is getting ready for the autumn term at school; but as far as the parents are concerned, the trouble of collecting all that is necessary has been reduced to a minimum by the enterprise of the leading juvenile outfitters, Messrs. Samuel Brothers, of 65, Ludgate Hill, E.C., who have achieved a great reputation in this particular branch of their business. They can supply lists of the regulation outfits which are necessary for a pupil at any of the large public schools, and they not only provide suits, overcoats, etc., but also underclothing, handkerchiefs, neck-ties, gloves, hats, etc., and trunks and play-boxes in various qualities to suit all purses. The school outfit at £8 2s. 10d., comprising sixty different items, which include everything that is absolutely necessary for a boy, is a marvel of economy, as everything is of sterling quality, and the suits are made of pure woollen fabrics, well cut and properly tailored. More extensive outfits are offered at correspondingly moderate prices, and even the trouble of thinking is avoided, for separate lists are made out at graduated sums, and it is only necessary to strike out anything that is not required, to give the age and height of the boy, and to have the rest sent on approval to try on at home.

Those who appreciate a good cigarette should try the Marich, which can be ordered through any tobacconist or agent from Messrs. Paterson and Co., of Billiter Buildings, E.C., the sole agents in this country. The makers of the Marich number among their clients the Prince of Wales; and the late Duke of Edinburgh (Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha) also patronised them. The Marich's home is at Malta.

The bird-lover will find one item of the present programme at the Alhambra exceptionally attractive. The particular item referred to is “Wild-Bird Life,” a most interesting series of bioscope pictures by the Brothers Kearton, given on the Urbanora. Remarkable insight is given into the family life of birds. A mother hawk can be seen tearing up her prey for her young, and every move of sea-birds on a rock-face can be watched. Extraordinary skill and perseverance must have been called for, in view of the admirable result obtained.



THE HON. MRS. JOHN YARDE-BULLER (MISS DENISE ORME)
ON HER BEESTON-HUMBER.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 11.

PROS. AND CONS.

STILL the Stock Exchange sighs for business; by which, it may be observed incidentally, the Stock Exchange means orders to buy. Orders to sell may be better than none at all, but they have not the satisfactory, cheering sort of effect which follows a good volume of purchases. This last desideratum was in moderate force amongst some of the Home Railway stocks last week, but it stayed hardly long enough, and prices show a melancholy haste to slide back directly the buying comes to a stop. Money can be relied upon to keep quiet for the greater part of September—that is, markets are not at all likely to be harried by Lombard Street troubles during the next three weeks. After that, we must wait and see if the public demand in the meantime is forcible enough to render investment stocks to some extent independent of the Bank Rate.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Once more have the rings been sanded, the whips cracked, the programmes advertised, and the Stock Exchange Circus has fairly started upon its autumn show. "Fairly," said I? Well, perhaps the little halts here and there were more the result of lack of practice than lack of staying-power, and no movement is so easy to explain as a falling away after a little rise. "Flat, my dear Sir? Oh, no. It's—A Healthy Reaction."

The time has come, however, when we may take counsel together over the point as to whether the depression has not come to its appointed end. Who did the appointing, no Stock Exchange member could trust himself to say. For Home Railway stocks to have resurrected in the remarkable way they did last week is surely justifiable testimony to the public's appreciation of low levels of prices.

By the way, it is a very curious thing that last August—i.e., the August of 1906—there should have been a strong Kaffir boomlet while everyone was away, and that this year, the same month, should have seen such a dramatic jump in Home Rails, and a smaller rise in Kaffirs. There must be something about August which attracts buyers.

To try back. The conditions of the investment markets will be governed by money for two or three months to come. So much seems certain, because trade in the country is still so good that the House cannot hope for substantial investment support more or less irrespective of the Bank Rate. And the Money Market hangs largely upon New York, where the position must have been very uncomfortable indeed for Mr. Cortelyou—good name, that—to rescue the situation in the way that he did. The expedient may be successful; one devoutly hopes it will, but it's not a bit of good blinking the fact that the Money Market is not a bed of thornless roses, and, for my own part, I see no reason to suppose that prices will remain firm unless they are supported by a much larger slice of public buying than is the case now. Of course, this buying may come. We stand at the beginning of September, when many people are still away enjoying themselves *moor (sic)* or less, and it is not altogether to be expected that the Stock Exchange will get into a steady stride for, at all events, another fortnight. So I am, perhaps, taking an unduly pessimistic view in the supposition that prices will hang just idle for awhile—a state of things productive, generally, of sagging and decline.

For a further sweep of the horizon there is this much to be said. The days of the present Government will in due time be numbered, although the people who professed to see a General Election written on the walls next month are somewhat out of it. As the term of the Liberal imprisonment (in office) draws to its conclusion, I should say there will be a steady appreciation in the prices of Home Railway stocks, on the idea that at the next polls Socialism will slump and Labour scares be retired to a respectful discount. Only, in considering the case for Home Railway stocks, the unfortunate part of the matter is that coal is going to be very dear this winter, and while the companies have begun to make preparation for the rise, the coal bills will, in all likelihood, be the principal scapegoats upon which vilification will be lavished when dividend time comes round, and the percentages do not rise to anticipation.

My envied friend, The Investor, you should begin to buy Hull and Barnsley for a rise of ten points, if you will take up your purchase, be content with 5½ per cent. on your money, and wait for your profit.

It was only the other day that our office was littered with the flaming advertisements of some foreign lottery or other, the circulars arriving in the quite familiar envelopes, bearing a Continental postage-stamp. Our Post Office, which benevolently distributes this literature, is a Government institution. Another Government institution, a policeman, stepped in, also the other day, to stop a young fellow I know from disposing of lottery tickets in his desperate effort to turn in a few pence. He is a steady, hard-working mechanic, but his plumbing trade is a bad one for the summer, and for weeks the money grew shorter and shorter, though he was too proud to tell of the straits that became ever more threatening. So the police arrested him; put him in a cell as a suspected person, and took away his money. He asked for food, and was told he could have anything sent in that he liked to pay for. And they had taken away his money! A detective who confidentially asked the boy to make a clean breast of it to him, promising to stand his friend, used the evidence thus obtained against him in the trial. An officer of the court, after the lad had been remanded, ran after him to inquire whether he were defended. The boy retorted that he had no money, but the official said Mr. So-and-So, a solicitor, would defend him for a small sum—"if you mention my name." In three weeks the lad's wife expects to become a mother for the first time, and the money for the furniture, bought on the hire system, is a few weeks overdue, so the Law will permit the poor little mother to be broken up by the sharks who grow fat upon seizing goods upon which instalments fall into arrear. The fellow is a fool, of course, but—

To pass from different conditions which seem to prevail in Law, and in the Money Market, allow me to whisper a little tip into your ear—

Buy Tanganyika for a gay and giddy gamble. There is something up. Take a quick profit. I mention it as a frank speculation.

One has seen the refusal of a good profit so frequently sequelled by actual loss that I should certainly advise holders of Pahangs to secure their handsome gains, whatever lordly expectations may be held out as to further developments.

"On these liners," he explained to an admiring circle of House friends, "one can really get nothing decent to eat or drink. I had to take my own fish in ice, and my own wine the last time I crossed to New York, don't you know."

Jobbers tell me that if they buy stock from a broker, except in one or two exceptional markets such as Home Rails have lately been, they take good care to get even at once—that is, to re-sell it, whether there be a profit or a loss or nothing at all on the day. But when they sell stock to a broker, it pays them, they tell me, to "run it"—that is, to wait a bit before buying it back, so that eventually they can get it cheaper, and thus secure a larger turn on it. Not in one department, but in several, has the same thing been said to me many times of late, and the theory does not seem to have suffered from the little revival, except, as I have

already said, in one or two departments. From which it would almost appear as though the general Stock Exchange belief in the permanence of good markets is not what one might call bullish.

Be careful how you proceed in Americans. They are not going much better just at present, or my name is not
THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

INVESTMENT IN MINING SHARES.

Our valued correspondent "Q" sketches a little Mining Trust which has every chance of turning out very successfully. He says:—

I have more than once insisted in these columns that, if it is treated fairly, a Mining share may be as sound an investment as any other. By treating it fairly, I mean always bearing in mind that in the end a mine is a hole in the earth, and that therefore a portion of the dividends received must be set aside, and invested at compound interest, in order that the capital may be replaced by the time the mine is exhausted. If a purchaser chooses the mines to invest in with some discrimination, and will be content with a return of 5 per cent. on his money—which he would probably regard as sufficient in any other form of investment—he should find himself in a very satisfactory position within a few years. I give below, as an example, a suggestion for the investment of £1000 spread over five different mining securities. It will be seen that the return from these five securities is £132, so that if the buyer is content with £50 as interest, there will be as much as £82 per annum to set aside as sinking fund. I have dealt with the first three of these mines, and their prospects, in these notes this year, and need add nothing now, except to point out Kalgurli shares are exceptionally cheap at the moment, owing to some forced selling. Here is the suggested Mining Trust—

	Cost.	Dividend per share.	Income.
20 Waihi Gold shares ..	£ 175	15s.	£ 15
20 Kalgurli Gold shares ..	180	30s.	30
200 El Oro Mining shares ..	250	3s.	30
30 Mysore Gold shares ..	172 10	14s.	21
30 Ivanhoe Gold shares ..	222 10	24s.	36
Total cost ..	£1000	Total income	£132

The prospects of the Mysore mine have greatly improved in the last eighteen months, and the reefs at the deepest levels continue wide and rich. In their report in March last the Directors were able to state that "the developments during the past year have exceeded in extent, importance, and value those recorded within any similar period in the history of the Mine." The result was that the quantity of payable ore in sight at Dec. 31, 1906, was 747,000 tons, as compared with 613,000 at Dec. 31, 1905. The amount crushed annually is about 185,000 tons. There seems every reason to expect that the Mysore will continue to pay large dividends for many years to come.

The Ivanhoe mine continues to open up satisfactorily. There was a fear at one time that the East lode in the lower levels might cross the boundary into the Great Boulder, but the latest cables show that the lode at the deepest level has been thrown further west, and consequently well within the Ivanhoe's property. Above the 1373 ft. level there was sufficient ore blocked out at December 31, 1906, to last five years, and the probable ore above the lowest level was equal to another two years' supply, so that there is practically sufficient ore in sight to last for six or seven years, and of about the same value as that being treated. The mine is therefore in an exceptionally sound position, and is well and honestly managed.—Q.

P.S.—I hope some of your readers are benefiting from the rise in Pahangs. I think that if the general condition of markets remains fairly satisfactory we may see a recovery in Argentine Land Company's shares, Port Madryns, and others, within the next few months.

We may add that on Wednesday last, when "Q" advised Pahangs, the price was 24s.; three days later it stood ten shillings higher.

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1907.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

G. W.—Write to the secretary of the London Stock Exchange for a list of members. (2) Outsiders. (3) *Financial Times* or *Financial News* of the daily papers; the *Economist* of the weeklies.

J. W. B.—Your letter was answered by post.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

THE following are my fancies for Derby: Devonshire Nursery, Zaida; Chatsworth Plate, Hunt Supper; Kedleston Plate, Crest; Harrington Plate, Cheshire Cat; Champion Breeders' Stakes, Linacre; Peveril of the Peak Plate, Coxcomb; Elvaston Nursery, Spinning Solly; Rangemoor Plate, Gold Sand. At Lewes these may go close—Lewes Nursery, Pennv Forfeit; South-down Welter, Royal Spa; Three-Year-Old Handicap, El Oro; Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, Ride On. I like the following for Kempton: Earlsfield Handicap, Aid; Halleford Plate, Kentoi; September Nursery, Hat Trick; Waterloo Nursery, Good Friday; Breeders' Foal Plate, Cocksure II.

THE MERE MAN.

ON COSTUME FOR TRAVELLING ABROAD.

WE do not hear so many complaints nowadays about the costume of Englishmen and Englishwomen who are travelling on the Continent, perhaps because there has been considerable improvement in this respect of late years. There was a time, and not so very many years ago, when people who went abroad put on all their oldest clothes for travelling, and remarkably curious objects some of them looked. In the case of the men, it was not so much the oldness as the incongruity of the garments which they put on, for they never seemed to have the smallest idea of what was fitting. A great source of complaint with the French used to be that men went to the opera and the theatre in knickerbocker suits and cloth caps, the caps being especially obnoxious.

Of course, the people who did such things were only cheap tourists who had next to no luggage with them, and certainly nothing approaching evening dress, so that the only thing to be expected of them was that they should go to some place for their evening's amusement where a tourist suit was not out of place. However, these complaints, which found an echo in the English papers, were not without their effect, and now it is seldom that one sees the most blatant type of tourist airing himself in a check suit when all the foreigners around him are in dark clothes. A black jacket does not take up much room in a bag, and knickerbockers are no longer held to be absolutely necessary for braving the terrors of a Channel passage. The British tourist has sown his wild oats, and has ceased to imperil the Entente Cordiale by the eccentricity of his get-up.

But if the male tourist caused irritation, the female tourist used to be the object of much unseemly mirth. She, too, was under the impression that anything would do for going abroad, and her costume was composed of a light and tumbled blouse and a cloth skirt, crowned with a hat that had decidedly seen better days. This sort of thing was very much out of place in a country where the women are all extremely particular about their dress, and always manage to dress with taste. A Frenchman may garb himself like a Guy Fawkes, but his wife and his sister always make themselves as neat as they know how, and are quite unable to understand the attitude taken up by so many Englishwomen—that it does not matter how you dress in a place where nobody knows you.

There is nothing more remarkable than the great change which has taken place during the last ten years in the dress of Englishwomen. There has been a vast alteration for the better in taste, and now when Englishwomen go abroad they nearly always wear a becoming costume suited to the occasion, and as neat and trim as can be. No doubt there are still a good many of what is known as the Suffragette type, who wear the traditional thick boots, short skirts, obsolete hats and pince-nez, but happily they are now in the minority, and have almost been abandoned even by French caricaturists, for whom large feet and huge teeth were for so many years the outward signs of the Englishwoman at home and abroad. To-day the remarkable sights seen on the Continent are nearly always Americans if they are not Germans, and the French are actually getting to differentiate between the nationalities of foreigners, and not to dub every eccentric an Anglisch.

Indeed, the boot may now be said to be on the other leg, and those of us who have had to spend part of August in London have been regaled with some very weird sights in the Strand and near Charing Cross, in which localities the strangers chiefly congregate. Most of the foreigners are French, Germans, or Americans, though at one time there were many Servians about. The first time one comes across a Continental visitor wearing knickerbockers is apt to be dangerous for a weak heart, for 'Arry in Parry is nothing to Jules in London. London reach-me-downs are usually subfusc in hue, with something of the tinge of Metropolitan mud about them; but when a foreigner puts on a "costume de bicyclette" he is wont to startle the midday sun.

But it is especially about the legs that Jules lets his fancy run riot. His boots are of a glaring yellow and his stockings of a bilious green, and neither of them match his "complet." Only Frenchmen tailored in England dress really well, and the man who relies on the Parisian slop tailor looks like a candidate for the Chamber of Horrors. On the other hand, the Frenchwoman, except that in our honour she sometimes gives way to loud checks which accentuate her broad little figure, is always neat and good to look at. But there has been a great improvement all round this year, and the observer in and about Trafalgar Square has not come across nearly so many oddities as in previous years. All of us, both English and foreign, are getting to learn that when we go abroad it is not necessary to make frights of ourselves. And it is only the caricaturists who will regret the change for the better.

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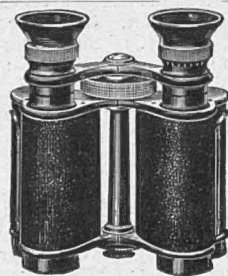
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